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The Week

THE progress of the debate between Secretary Kellogg and M. Briand has been a series of successes for the former. France has steadily retreated from each of the positions she has assumed. After Germany had accepted the American treaty outlawing war, and after Great Britain had indicated her favorable opinion, the French fell back on the proposal for an international conference to discuss the conflicting views. Mr. Kellogg promptly let it be known that the United States would not attend any such conference; whereupon the French were left to explain that, anyhow, the subject would be taken up when the foreign ministers gather at Geneva, in a few weeks' time. Edwin L. James, Paris correspondent of the New York Times, who has heretofore shown himself a good reader of M. Briand's mind, says that the French are preparing to abandon all their various reservations save one. They will accept the Kellogg draft, with a single clause added saying that each power reserves full liberty of action against any other which at any future time shall violate the terms of the treaty. France is planning, it is said, to postpone her own signing of the treaty until all her present allies—and all her potential enemies—have accepted it. Under those conditions, the treaty would be a reinforcement, and not a hindrance, to her various special arrangements. Mr. Kellogg has already in effect accepted the single French reservation; if France follows the course outlined by Mr. James, agreement has either been reached or is not far away. The two great questions of interest then become: what reservations, if any, will the American Senate demand? And if the treaty goes into effect as among the great powers of the world, what will be the effect upon their armies and navies? Why should nations which have outlawed war with every possible adversary continue to spend (as the United States is doing this year) two million dollars a day on their armed forces?

THE action of Japan in landing troops in Shantung province has had the expected result. What may fairly be described as a battle has taken place at Tsinan-fu, between the Japanese and the Southern forces. Numerous casualties have taken place on both sides, and feeling between the two countries is running higher that at any time in thirty years. Chang Tso-lin a few days ago was seeking to bring about joint action by his own troops and the Japanese, to halt the invading forces of Chiang Kai-shek; but since the fighting, and in view of the inflamed state of feeling among the Chinese, he has been forced to drop all such efforts, and may even join the Southerners in their hostility. The Nanking government proposes to protest the Japanese action to the League of Nations. No one at this distance can say which side was responsible for beginning the fighting; it is not impossible that neither was. But the major blame must certainly lie with the Japanese military authorities, when they decided to send several thousand Japanese soldiers into the zone of the Chinese civil war. Common sense should have told them that such an incident as has taken place was likely. It might have been difficult to remove the Japanese settlers in Shantung province to the seacoast where they could be protected by the guns of foreign warships; but it would not have been impossible. The Japanese did not even try it; with the habit of thought characteristic of

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military men the world over, they tried to bully the Chinese by a show of force. They will be lucky if they do not find they have brought down on themselves a war.

CONGRESSMAN Snell of New York is a large owner of electric-utility securities, is closely associated with private power interests, and is, at the same time, Chairman of the all-powerful Rules Committee of the House of Representatives. Without permission of the Rules Committee, the bill for government operation of Muscle Shoals, favorably reported by the Committee on Military Affairs, cannot be voted on by the House. Congressman Snell, urgently requested to promise that the bill will be voted upon before the session closes, has evaded and postponed. It thus lies within the power of a man who personally has large interests at stake to prevent Congress from registering its will on an issue of great public importance. Beside the callous use of this power, Sinclair's corruption of public officials seems to us the conduct of a sensitive gentleman and a man of honor. If Mr. Snell does not insist that the Muscle Shoals bill come before the House, campaign speakers should see to it that his action is recognized for the disgraceful behavior which it is, reflecting not only upon himself but upon the party which put such a man in such a position. Meanwhile, in the Senate, men like Smoot and Phipps, with their power interests, are opposing the Swing-Johnson bill for Boulder Dam—ably abetted, it is true, by Democrats like Ashurst of Arizona. But perhaps activities of this stripe have been rendered respectable by the example of a Secretary of the Treasury who, being one of the richest men in the country, has done his best to abolish the estate tax and lower the surtaxes on large incomes.

SENATOR Shipstead recently introduced in the Senate a resolution calling for an investigation of conditions in Cuba. The Platt Amendment makes us definitely responsible "for the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty," and we have twice in the past intervened in Cuban affairs on that basis, once in 1906 and once in 1921-23. Senator Shipstead believes that Cuban conditions again warrant our earnest attention, and cites the following series of charges, made to him on good authority:

> The present political regime is a virtual dictatorship under which freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, freedom of petition and electoral freedom have been destroyed.
>
> Numerous assassinations, imprisonments, deportations, and exiles have taken place.
>
> Political opposition to the ruling group has been destroyed.
>
> The National University has been closed, denying to the youth of Cuba the right to higher education and free speech.
>
> Private property of Cubans and of Americans has been seized without due process of law and without the right to recovery.
>
> The Cuban court system has been so gerrymandered that justice has become a farce and the judiciary has been brought under the absolutism of the political powers.
>
> The Cuban criminal code, administered under political pressure, is still the code of the days of Weyler, making it possible to use the law and the judiciary for the unreasonable and unjustified punishment of Cubans for what should be lawful political activity.
>
> Under a parcelling out of agencies for the sale of lottery tickets the National Congress of Cuba is made absolutely subservient to the domination and dictation of the executive department, a condition amazing in its defiance of all decency and political honesty and honor.

Senator Shipstead's resolution was referred to a sub-committee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; and, as was to be expected, the sub-committee killed it. Instead of an investigation covering all, or most, or the more serious, of these charges, the sub-committee recommended an inquiry into just one aspect: the infringement of the property rights of American citizens. This inquiry is now in progress, and is unlikely to have results of more than negligible importance. Meanwhile, events in Cuba continue to march toward a dictatorship on the Mussolinian model. Matters have been arranged for President Machado, who once based his candidacy on the slogan, "no reëlection," to serve for another term, and not merely of four years, as in the past, but of six. All the reality, and most of the form, of political opposition has disappeared; the informal but efficient censorship of the press remains. The struggle between the students in the University and the President continues to prevent the holding of classes, which were suspended last fall. Matters may presently grow bad enough to force the American people to recognize their responsibility for Cuba; but the outlook in that regard is not encouraging.

THE Sacco-Vanzetti case was undoubtedly one of the great outstanding trials in the history of judicial procedure. As time goes on, it will be studied by successive generations of lawyers, historians and sociologists. Heretofore, such study has been rendered almost impossible by the fact that so few copies of the official record of the trial existed, and that some of these were in the hands of officials who were little interested in giving access to them. This difficulty, we are glad to say, will be avoided in the future. Through the generosity of a group of public-spirited citizens, the entire record of the case is to be published. It will occupy six volumes, of about 1,000 pages each, and these will appear in quick succession so that all of them will be available by next autumn. They will be sold at $25 a set, a price which will cover only part of the cost

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of publication. The publishers are Henry Holt and Company of New York City.

THESE volumes will contain, not only the full transcript of the testimony exactly as given (even misspelled words and erroneous punctuation have been left uncorrected), but all the other official documents: the bill of exceptions, and the additional motions for a new trial, briefs of both sides, the various petitions to Governor Fuller, his decision and the report of the Advisory Committee, etc. A supplemental volume gives all the available documents in the previous trial of Vanzetti at Bridgewater. The only editorial additions anywhere are title pages for the various sections, a table of contents and an index. The publication of this work is sponsored by a distinguished committee of lawyers, without, of course, their assuming any opinion as to the trial itself. Its members, who honor themselves and their profession by their act, are: Newton D. Baker, Emory R. Buckner, Charles C. Burlingham, John W. Davis, Bernard Flexner, Raymond B. Fosdick, Charles P. Howland, Victor Morawetz, Charles Nagel, Walter H. Pollak and Elihu Root.

PROFESSIONAL patrioteers have won an important victory in Boston. The famous Ford Hall Forum, in that city, has been cast adrift by the Boston Baptist Social Union, the organization which has sponsored it for the past twenty years. The annual grant to the Forum of $5,000 is to end at once; and the free use of Ford Hall is to terminate in another twelve months. The director of the Forum, George W. Coleman, who has conducted the enterprise successfully for two decades, announces that an effort will be made to keep it going, and the New Republic earnestly hopes that it will succeed. The campaign against it has been conducted by the Industrial Defense Association of Boston, one of the worst of the commercialized witch-hunting organizations, and by a Boston business man, one John Rood, otherwise unknown to fame, who reveals the character of his approach to public questions by complaining that the Ford Hall Forum has failed to bring any money into the coffers of the Baptist Social Union. The charge against the Forum was the usual one, that it was radical, and was groundless, as all intelligent Bostonians know. President Coolidge and Cardinal O'Connell are among those who sent congratulatory messages to the Forum when it recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. A list of those who have spoken from its platform shows that their characteristic political faith is mild liberalism. Reasonable Bostonians, already writhing because of the reputation their city has acquired through such Pyrrhic victories as the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the book censorship and the suppression of the American Mercury, have fresh occasion to be ashamed.

SHORTLY before the Ameer of Afghanistan began his triumphal tour of Europe, the papers carried an inconspicuous report of the opening of an air line connecting Tashkent in Turkestan with Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. The line is operated by the Russian government, and connects with the air route from Moscow to Tashkent. There is no railroad across Afghanistan. The map shows how the rails have pushed up to Quetta and Peshawar on the Indian border, and to Kooshk on the Turkestan border, but the final link is lacking. The Hindu Koosh mountains may partly account for its absence, but trade history offers a better explanation. From time to time before the War, British or Russian interests would project a railroad into Afghanistan, only to find their plans obstructed by jealous Russian or British interests. So the only western approach to India was by sea, the southernmost rail route across Asia was at the level of northern Manchuria, and Afghanistan remained, as Chicherin recently called it, a fortress at the junction of the Asiatic trade routes. Now this fortress is claiming new attention. The King of England gave the Ameer and his queen a doubly royal welcome on his visit last month, never referred to the Anglo-Afghan wars, and looked away politely in the carriage when the nonchalant Ameer blew his nose with his fingers. The Russians are providing a competing entertainment; the Russians are wily diplomats and fellow orientals. Even if their hospitality should fail to outshine King George's, they would still have stolen a march on him. Amanullah is used to going home in a caravan. Now he can go home in a Russian aeroplane.

WHILE New York is boiling about the decision allowing the subways to charge a seven-cent fare, the Regional Planning Commission points out a still more fundamental transit problem, which seems not to be engaging the serious attention of anyone in power. The reckless building of new rapid-transit lines connecting outlying districts with the crowded parts of Manhattan, without prior planning which decentralizes industry and places homes near places of work, simply intensifies over-crowding and makes worse the evils which it is intended to cure. No sooner is a new subway begun than values rise along its course; tall work buildings go up at one end, and shoddy housing at the other; the net result is simply to condemn more people to an insanitary, mole-like existence, and incidentally to congest street traffic still further, increase tax burdens and complicate all the existing complexities of the overgrown city. If this goes on much further, fares will have to rise, on the new lines at least, not merely to seven cents, but to nine, ten or fifteen cents, unless they are to be subsidized out of taxes. Of course all this has nothing to do with the Interborough, but a public and an administration which could look beyond its nose would be doing something about it.

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CONGRESSMAN Fiorella La Guardia of New York has introduced in the House of Representatives a bill dealing with freedom of speech and of the press. The Constitution, as nearly everyone likes to forget, prohibits any interference with these; but it attaches no penalty to violation of its provisions. Mr. La Guardia proposes to punish those who hamper these fundmental rights; and has therefore introduced a measure providing that their restriction or abridgement shall be punishable with a fine of $1,000 to $10,000 or imprisonment from two to ten years, or both. We don't suppose Mr. La Guardia's bill has the ghost of a chance of passage; but by introducing it he has performed a useful service by reminding us again of the gap between what the fathers founded and what we have today.

THE centennial conference of the American Peace Society at Cleveland, though opening, as all such conferences do, with meaningless gestures of good will by important personages who are under obligation not to say anything of importance, may, in its expert sub-sessions, contribute something to the cause of peace. This is the oldest, the most respectable, and the most conservative peace society in the country. Many think it too conservative to be effective, but in the essentials of the plan which it has for a century been advocating for a "governed world," it is at least consistent and reasonable. This plan includes universal arbitration and a world court. It omits, however, any compulsion upon states which will not arbitrate or will not abide by decisions. It has no confidence in the threat of war as a means of preventing war. Opinions naturally differ about the efficacy of a voluntary world order, backed by no police power, but all will agree that it is well to have someone agitating, year in and year out, for the benefits of international mediation, conciliation and arbitration.

IT HAS long been said that the effect of Federal Reserve policy on the use of credit, whether through changes in the rediscount rate or through dealings in government securities, is largely psychological in nature. When the rate went up, business men and speculators felt that it was time to draw in their tentacles; when it went down, they became more venturesome. This spring, however, several plain warnings from the Reserve System have been without effect on the growth of brokers' loans for speculation on the stock market, which now have reached the unprecedented total of $4,000,000,000 or more. In addition, large amounts of money have been lent in the market by business corporations. This raises the question whether the "psychological" power of the Reserve Banks over credit is sufficiently real to avert catastrophe. When loans and discounts are growing so rapidly, and when gold is steadily being drained out of the country or earmarked for foreign account, warnings by the bankers ought to be heeded, and the business community will suffer if they are not.

SENATOR Wagner's comments on Secretary of Labor Davis' reply to his request for information on unemployment make just the points that ought to be made. The "shrinkage" of 1,874,050 in employment reported by the Commissioner of Labor Statistics does not tell the whole story—the total out of work is probably much larger. The main conclusion from the report is that we do not know the facts. Neither the emasculated Federal Employment Service nor the President or other members of the administration have taken the situation seriously. Three bills were introduced by the Senator. One provides for an extension of the employment statistics to cover the other major occupations besides manufacturing. One calls for the creation of a comprehensive system of public employment exchanges under federal and state coöperation. And the third carries a plan for long-range planning of public works. These measures have been consistently recommended by experts every time the subject of unemployment has come up in the past ten years. It is time Congress did something about them.

LIVERPOOL, England, has recently established the "Merseyside Art Circle" on a coöperative basis, with a committee of artists and "subscribers" in charge. The subscriber pays twenty-five dollars a year, and receives twelve pictures or statuettes, each of which he may retain for a month. He may go to the exhibition gallery and select the work of art he desires, or the artist members of the committee (who also pass upon the merit of works submitted for circulation) will make his selections for him. In either case, the new work is delivered to home or office, and last month's is taken away. Only a hundred subscribers are needed to keep the plan in operation, and from the beginning it has been found that sales of pictures were greatly increased by the enlarged "circulation" they now receive, and the opportunity to look at them, away from the distractions of a public gallery.

The Public and the Subways

OUT of the welter of injunctions and suits, in state and federal courts, from which has issued a temporary right on the part of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company to charge a seven-cent fare in New York City, the average citizen will cull one fact—the federal courts have again intervened on the side of private property and against the consuming public, to allow a public utility to demand more for its services than it could otherwise have asked. Something more than this should, however, be said in order to lead to an understanding of the significant points at issue. We

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shall not attempt to follow all the legal complications and political cross-currents involved, but merely to single out for support three important conclusions.

The first subways belong solely to the city of New York. After it had advanced the money to build them, it chose to contract for their operation with a private company, which furnished the equipment, and it specified by contract that the earnings should first be applied to pay the interest on the money it had borrowed for construction, and that a five-cent fare should be charged. When more subways became necessary, the city plunged further into partnership with private capital, rewriting the original contracts to do so. This time the company furnished part of the money, and in turn demanded certain prior rights to the earnings. The five-cent-fare clause was retained. Subsequent to making its last contract with the city, the Interborough leased the Manhattan elevated for 999 years. The elevated, due to manipulation and inflation, was greatly over-capitalized, yet the Interborough guaranteed it a large return. Although the Interborough had been paying munificent dividends, and still makes a good profit on its own operations, the contract with the Manhattan has so milked it that, after taking its priority rights in earnings to pay the elevated rental, it has nothing left to pay either the interest on the city's subway bonds or dividends on the Interborough stock. The assumption is that the "insiders" among the Interborough stock-holders, while retaining control of that company, had bought up the Manhattan securities before renting it, and thus had enriched themselves at the expense of the city.

This, in brief, had for several years been the situation when the city's newest subways were approaching completion and steps had to be taken to arrange for their operation. Disgusted with the results of private management, the city turned toward the possibility of a unified rapid-transit system under its control, which it might obtain by exercising its right of recapture of certain of the Interborough and other private lines, and making the best deal it could for the lines which it could not yet recapture. During the negotiations attending this attempt, the Interborough applied to the regulating body for a seven-cent fare. Its application was thrown out on the ground that the commission had no right to go back of the five-cent-fare contract. The city attempted to fight out the issue in the state courts, but the company turned to the federal courts for relief on the ground that, contrary to constitutional law, its property was being confiscated. The federal courts consented to hear the plea, and decided, first, that the contract is not binding, and second, that, pending a decision by the commission and subsequent judicial review, the company can charge seven cents, since it has made out a *prima facie* case for the seven-cent fare. It is reasonable, we think, to assume that the company has made its fare fight at this time in order to muddy the waters and improve its negotiating position with the city in the matter of the recapture and purchase of its properties.

The first conclusion to be drawn seems to us as plain as daylight. The city, because it chose private as opposed to public operation, has been robbed, both of the return on its investment over a long period of years, and of the right to specify what fare should be charged on its property. Let us assume that the decision of the federal statutory court is perfectly impartial, will be sustained by the United States Supreme Court, and is good law. Let us assume that the company will finally establish its right to a seven-cent fare before the commission and the courts. Still it is true that the complexities consequent upon the attempt to engage private investment and management in the public's subways have cost the city millions of dollars. Still it is true that the city, if it had operated the subways itself, could have paid the interest on its borrowings continuously out of earnings, and at the same time have retained the five-cent fare. It could have done so even if graft and inefficiency had been involved to the limit of the public conscience. No conceivable slackness of public operation could have cost the taxpayers and the passengers so many millions. The lesson is plain with regard to other utilities which national or local governments do or might own. It is plain with regard to Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, the proposed St. Lawrence water-power development. Ownership and operation by the public is more secure protection than any contract with a private company.

The second conclusion to be drawn is of importance in view of the proposals which have recently been made by the Massachusetts regulating body and others to attempt to protect the consumers' interest in utility operation by contract rather than by regulation based on the police power. Many have observed that, under ordinary regulatory practices, the private utility companies may achieve monopolistic gains by appeal to the courts. Constitutionally, the companies are entitled to protection against confiscation, and "confiscation" occurs when they do not receive a "fair" return on a "fair" valuation of their properties. So strenuous and ingenious have been the efforts of the companies to induce the courts to allow them to increase their valuations by almost any theoretical device at hand, and so uncertain has been the courts' reasoning on the subject, that regulation has thus proved almost barren of protection for the consumer. The suggestion is, therefore, that the state or municipality make a contract with the utility specifying exactly how value or return must be reckoned, in exchange for the franchise and other valuable privileges granted the utility by the government.

On the surface, it might seem that the decision on the Interborough case, invalidating the contract,

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robs the suggestion of virtue, since it sets aside a fixed-fare contract in favor of the ordinary regulatory process. This, however, would be a distinctly premature conclusion. The grounds of the decision are special. It is based on the fact that, prior to the last contract between the city and the Interborough, the state had passed a regulatory law and set up a commission, without specifically exempting from it the Interborough fare contract. The police power of the state thus expressed, reasons the Court, is superior to the city's right of contract. Even supposing this to be good law (and the decision may very well be reversed), it would not apply if the state had expressly authorized cities to make such contracts with utilities, or had adopted the policy of doing so itself. And, furthermore, it might not apply to a contract specifying a *method* of fixing fares or valuations, even though it does apply to a contract fixing an exact fare. The contract method of regulation is still very much worth a trial, in cases where outright public ownership and operation is not practised.

The third conclusion is largely confirmatory of the first two. It arises from the fact that the Court accepted the company's figures for the value of its property, considered in connection with the amount of its earnings, as *prima facie* evidence that it is not receiving a fair return. Though not much space is devoted in the decision to this part of the argument, the Court quotes with approval other decisions which disallow the "original cost" theory of value, and it seems to assume that cost of reproduction now is the proper criterion (doubtless with additions for "going-concern value" and what not). It is one more indication that there is little hope for a more strict and logical interpretation of value from the courts, and that the consumers, unless they want to allow to the monopolies which operate public utilities a virtually unlimited return, had better turn to public operation or some better form of regulation.

The Mexican Settlement and the Future

A CORRESPONDENT for whose information and judgment the New Republic has high respect, takes issue with some of the statements in the article, "Is the Mexican Issue Settled?" which appeared in our issue of April 11; and we are glad to give our readers an opportunity to consider his views. He disputes our statement that Mexico's financial situation played a part in the negotiations, and quotes President Calles' declaration (which was made public shortly after the issue of the New Republic containing the article in question had appeared) that Mexico proposes to avoid any new borrowing at present. The Mexican budget is balanced, and economies in expenditure are being made in every possible quarter. The contemplated reduction in the size of the army will release a considerable sum.

It remains true, however, that Mexico has an internal debt of about $70,000,000 (gold) and an external debt of some $438,000,000, making a total of rather more than half a billion. The International Committee of Bankers on Mexico, commonly referred to as the Lamont Committee, has extended until June 1 its moratorium, which has been in effect since the beginning of the new year; and it is putting no pressure on Mexico of any kind, in regard to the defaulted payments, which in 1922 amounted to $200,000,000 in interest alone, and on which not very much has been paid since. Mexico's budget last year was $167,000,000, and she certainly cannot add to it any such sum as $25,000,000, which would represent a modest rate of interest and amortization on her debt. She will certainly need an additional moratorium from the bankers' committee, and there is every indication that this will be granted.

We do not believe that this necessity for a new arrangement in regard to the Mexican debt played any part in the negotiations between Calles and Morrow; but it is impossible not to recognize that it must have been in the back of the Mexican President's mind; it was part of the picture of the whole relation between the two countries, which served as an unconscious influence if not a conscious one. On the other hand, the decision not to seek new loans at this time undoubtedly has resulted in easing the tension for Mexico. A renewal of a moratorium is a much simpler thing, politically, than a new borrowing. Mexico's present creditors are obliged to deal with her, and more or less on her terms; whereas if she had gone into the market for new money, she would have had to obtain it on the lenders' terms, and these might have been extremely onerous.

Our correspondent takes issue also with the statement, in the article in the New Republic already referred to, that "the social effort [of the Calles government] has received a sharp check as a result of the Morrow agreement and the situation which made that agreement possible." On the contrary, he says, the social program of the government remains completely undisturbed, and points to large expenditures in this year's budget for irrigation projects and for educational activities. The new stability, he thinks, will have a favorable effect upon the government's efforts. He recalls (what the New Republic has always recognized) that the Constitution of 1917 did not assume to validate confiscatory legislation, and indeed prohibited it. The question between Mexico and the United States was whether the treatment meted out to owners of lands acquired prior to 1917 was in fact confiscatory. In the settlement, Mexico has tacitly agreed that it was, by acknowledging full ownership in future instead of substituting fifty-year leases; and the

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United States in turn has recognized the validity of Article 27 of the Constitution in general.

Our correspondent has misunderstood the intent of the New Republic's remark, and perhaps some other readers did so as well. We did not refer to the immediate social activities of the Mexican government, such as the educational campaign, or the irrigation projects for the benefit of small landholders. Neither were we considering the present oil and land policies. We had in mind the whole future attitude of the Mexican government in relation to issues where the rights and opportunities of the common man come into conflict with the rights and opportunities of American capital. In this connection, it is impossible to think of the Mexican question as though it originated with the arrival of Mr. Morrow on the scene a few months ago; nor can our policy toward Mexico be dissociated from our policy toward Nicaragua, Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, and even such South American countries as Colombia and Venezuela. Our policy is all of one piece; the manner of its execution depends somewhat upon the size and character of each of the countries where we interest ourselves, but the basic purpose is the same. It has a remarkable degree of historic continuity, having gone on without important alterations through four Republican and one Democratic administration. This policy has various aspects, economic, political (in the sense that the Monroe Doctrine is political) and purely military, though through its ramifications run certain fixed ideas. Even before President Coolidge announced that the United States regarded itself as having a special interest in Central America, we had been acting under the assumption of that special interest, not only in the Central American republics, but in all the Caribbean countries. We have also assumed, as a basic fact, that foreign capital, and in particular, American capital, invested in these countries is entitled to the same protection that it enjoys under the American Constitution, as interpreted by our courts, when invested in the United States. And in most of these countries we have not hesitated to use force in support of our policies.

Since Mexico did not claim the right to confiscate oil properties, that question did not arise in connection with the dispute which Mr. Morrow so skillfully brought to an end, except, as we have said, as to whether the acts of the Mexican government violated its own stated intentions. But looking at Latin America as a whole, and considering the probable future as well as the past, we see that the matter is by no means disposed of. Is it confiscation for the Mexican states, for instance, to expropriate owners of large tracts of lands, when these states notoriously do not have the funds with which to pay for what they have taken, and compensation must at best be postponed into the distant future? Suppose the Mexican government should at some time put into effect taxes on oil production so high that the owners of the wells would claim that these taxes were confiscatory? And again: what are the general limits to the doctrine of "no confiscation," considered as social policy? If a corrupt government should barter away a large share of the potential resources of a country, on terms which give the government itself nothing of value, but put bribes into the pockets of dishonest officials, to what extent should a subsequent honest government respect such bargains? Should it permit its valuable and irreplaceable resources to be taken away, for an indefinite period of time, and its coffers to be impoverished? Or should it repudiate the corrupt agreements of its corrupt predecessor? Or suppose again that a speculative investor has in good faith bought concessions which turn out to be of enormous value, so that he receives in a few years' time 1,000 or even 10,000 percent on his money; is it wrong for a government to call a halt on his draining off of the country's wealth? And if not, can it do so by any other means than taxation, which, as everyone knows, can always be evaded to some extent?

We do not mean to suggest that all the conditions implied in these questions exist in Mexico or other Latin-American republics at the present time. But most of them have to be faced in all of these countries sooner or later. A good case can be made, we think, for the contention that in the past the United States government has been more tender of the property rights of its citizens in Latin America than it has at home. Certainly it has heretofore given little or no consideration to the social questions involved when a small and weak country is developed through the use of American capital, and the officials of the State Department would probably say that it is impossible as a practical matter for such questions to be taken into account. (It is only fair to add that in many of these countries their own governments have been equally indifferent to the social aspects of the matter.)

In recent years, however, Latin America has seen a decided tendency toward legislation to reserve undeveloped resources, and particularly mineral resources, for the benefit of the country. In this movement, Mexico has been looked upon as a leader. Some oil men have been frank to say that they were concerned to fight the Mexican legislation, not so much on its own account as because of the precedent which would be set for Venezuela, Colombia and other countries. As the Latin-American countries develop strength and nationalistic spirit, it is inevitable that we should see more and not less of this sort of legislation which the American investors will look upon as inimical to their own interests.

Mr. Morrow is a negotiator more able, more tactful and sensitive than we have had in Mexico in many years. The New Republic said in its previous article that the settlement he engineered was "an unusual achievement of diplomacy" representing "a

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real spirit of concession on both sides," and that "Mexico's choice, under the circumstances, has probably been a wise one," and still feels that these statements are correct. Yet it still remains true, in our opinion, that the Calles government has made a decision which did not represent a free and full choice; that the rest of Latin America has not had its apprehensions regarding future policy on the part of the United States set at rest; that such pressing problems as Haiti and Nicaragua have not been clarified by any new principles introduced into our policy. For this, Mr. Morrow is in no way to blame. He did as well, no doubt, as any man could have done under the circumstances. The change of heart, if there is to be one, must come, not from the negotiator in the field, but from the government at home.

Communist Theory vs. Russian Fact

VISITORS who go to Russia with all their sensibilities artificially heightened to catch the slight but significant surface differences between communism and capitalism, and who stay for a month or two at most, seem invariably to come away with exactly what they took. The uses of social research never stood out in sharper outline. Mr. Theodore Dreiser, for instance, reports no unemployment. Strange that the Gosplan, Russia's central planning board, should regard this as, possibly, its most serious problem!

A good many years ago, a wise, if rather insensitive, Englishman, Mackenzie Wallace, wrote an account of Russia's social organization in such realistic fashion as to serve very well in lieu of that background which the new visitor cannot have. For there is that in Russia which offends the western taste; and it is undiscriminating to attribute all of one's disgust to the results of communism. The solemn way in which Mr. Dreiser retails the difficulties with his bath in Moscow is a case in point. There was, it seems, a leak. It took some little time and involved no little exasperation; consultative activities among the artisans ran into numbers resembling a small convention. Mr. Dreiser's surfaces were all hypersensitive; and so an unimportant incident seemed to him significant. A reading of Mackenzie Wallace would have relieved this naïveté.

If, as social testimony, casual observation of Russia in a first experience of her culture has to be discounted heavily, there are other accounts which puzzle. These are not wrong as to fact; they simply seem incredible. For instance, all wise political forecasters were sure that Trotzky's exile was a certain prelude to conservatism. Yet it now begins to look as though Stalin had stolen some of Trotzky's thunder, and that the quarrel was mainly over the question, who should make the noise. No more contradictory policy, seemingly, was ever attempted, even by Russians, than this of provoking the peasants with one instrument and encouraging their coöperation with another. If we are to believe what have heretofore been the trustworthy accounts of Mr. Walter Duranty of the New York Times, a steady and ruthless suppression of peasant home-industry has been going on all winter. Some hundreds of thousands of small establishments have been closed. This type of production, one would have said, was serving to make the prevalent goods-famine fairly endurable to the peasant. It cannot, up to now, have competed with state manufacture in any important sense. It is far from communistic, of course, but that had begun to seem of relatively small importance. It is astonishing that this suppression of industry should have been going on when the difficulties over grain collections were most acute, and while spring-sowing still needed to be encouraged by active campaigning. The action looks like at least a remnant of the war-communism of 1920.

There may be exaggeration or some misinterpretation of fact in the stories of what is happening, comparable, on a smaller scale, with Mr. Dreiser's rather comical generalization, from the bath-tub incident, about collectivism. On the other hand, a deep and serious change of policy may have taken place. It had begun to seem that the administration in Russia was less communist than pragmatic; but the new scraps of evidence appear to imply a revival of doctrinaire ruthlessness. It is just possible that the lessons of those costly years of desolation may not have been so well learned as we had thought. Production of food, clothing and a few minor luxuries had seemed to dominate official Russian thoughts; as Mr. Brailsford said, "politics had been eaten up by economics." Can this interpretation have been mistaken? And is the voice of the doctrinaire still dominant in Soviet councils? Perhaps some of the impending flock of summer visitors to Russia will bring us back the answer.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Power Trust Bends the Twig

HEARINGS conducted by the Federal Commission in recent weeks, under the authority of the Senate resolution of inquiry into the utility industry, have brought to the attention of the country a new problem in its educational system. This problem is the growing influence in the public schools and colleges exercised by the associations of public-utility corporations. The revelations which have been made give us a pretty picture of college professors kept on the utilities' pay-roll as long as they are "right" on the question of public ownership, of pressure brought to bear in every possible way on the authors of textbooks dealing with this subject, of attacks on the character of opponents, on whom, of course, the deadly label "Bolshevistic" has been pinned, of writers paid to use their pens on behalf of the public utilities, or in opposition to proposed legislation regarded by them as inimical to their welfare, such as the Swing-Johnson bill for Boulder Dam.

In its organized form, this effort to mold the minds of the pupils in the public schools and the students in the colleges and universities is not yet ten years old. The National Electric Light Association created its Committee on Coöperation with Educational Institutions after the World War. It was in 1919 that Samuel Insull, enlightened by his experience on the Illinois Council of Defense, summoned the vice-presidents of five of his companies and instructed them to organize an agency to teach the people the peril in "political" rate making. By 1925 Mr. Insull was delivering addresses at Illinois University on "Why So Many Bright Young Men Enter the Public Utility Industry," and at Northwestern University on "Requirements for Success."

Hundreds of letters and reports and speeches, taken from the files of the (Insull) Illinois Committee on Public Utility Information, from the files of the American Gas Association and from the correspondence of the National Electric Light Association, testify to the activity of the utility forces in all grades of the public educational system. Surveys of textbooks touching upon the public-utility problem—notably one made in Illinois in 1923, involving 105 different texts—have been followed by a campaign to replace the "poisonous" ones with new textbooks satisfactory to the advocates of private ownership and minimum regulation. From books the long arm of the power trust has reached back to the authors of books, the teachers, the publishers and to university policy. Subsidies have been offered and taken.

In its recently issued volume on the electric power industry, based on two years of study, the Federal Trade Commission dealt with some of the outstanding features of this aggression of the industry's private management against the educational world. It showed that for a long time an effort had been made to foster the teaching of public-utility economics in the public schools and colleges, both by having textbooks prepared for classroom and reference use and by having utility executives give talks to the classes "in order that the viewpoints of the industry's leaders on the economic, social and political aspects of their business may be presented to the oncoming generation of citizens and power consumers."

In other words, a foundation has been laid for prejudice against public ownership, with all its implications.

Dean Ralph E. Heilman of the School of Commerce, Northwestern University, has been one of the educators most closely in the councils of the utility men, as indicated by the evidence before the Commission. In its report, that body quotes his address of April 16, 1925, before the Wisconsin Utilities Association, where he pointed out that Wisconsin, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Northwestern, Indiana, New York and Harvard Universities had introduced complete public-utility courses. He expressed the opinion that this training would tend to teach the students and the public that regulation must not be harsh.

Harvard University was granted, in 1925, the sum of $30,000 a year for three years, through the National Electric Light Association, for a research staff in public-utility management. Last year Northwestern University was receiving $32,500 for research. Smaller gifts for special technical work were bestowed on the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Johns Hopkins and the University of Michigan.

A letter from R. R. McGregor, assistant director of the Illinois Committee, July 13, 1927, to A. G. McKenzie of the Pennsylvania Public Service Information Committee, deals with the Institute for Research in Land Economics and Public Utilities, which had been moved by Professor R. T. Ely from Wisconsin to Northwestern in 1925. McGregor wrote that it was "a sound institution, supported financially and in spirit by the public utilities, including the national associations. . . . They are very friendly to the public utilities; in fact, the same personnel that teaches the public utilities economics course at Northwestern University constitutes the active workers in the research."

The chairman of the Committee on Coöperation with Educational Institutions, of the N. E. L. A., speaking to the 1926 convention, referred to two instances during the preceding year in which professors at universities which were getting financial

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help from the utility industry had indulged in "outbursts" of hostility. He counseled patience with these disturbers, saying that they might not be expressing the consensus of opinion of their colleagues.

He told the story of Balaam and Balak, and explained: "Now, the professor, if you please, gentlemen, regards himself as being inspired by Jehovah, as having had put into his mouth by Jehovah the blessings and curses which he must give. . . . The one suggestion I would offer is that the prophet is most amenable to inspiration. If we can be sure that we have got hold, with reference to our industry, of the will of Jehovah, perhaps we may also play the part of Jehovah in putting into the mouth of the particular Balaam whom we are asking to go forth something of the truth which we would like, which we have a right to expect, to have prophesied."

In March, 1927, Dr. Horace M. Gray, Department of Economics, University of Illinois, speaking to a joint meeting of the Illinois utility associations, suggested what returns might fairly be expected by the utility people for their "time and thought given to public-utility education in the social sciences." He said it was "reasonable to expect that young men, being familiar with the fundamental facts of the service industries as a result of their college training, will display a sympathetic and understanding attitude toward utilities. They will, in their capacity as citizens, approach utility problems in a reasonable frame of mind and will not be miscarried by every temporary gust of agitation and mob psychology. . . . If by chance some should in after years take an attitude opposed to public utilities, such an event should not be invoked as a condemnation of the instruction itself. No system of education can guarantee the quality of the product."

Patience and persistence have marked the efforts of the several national and state committees in their task of eradicating "unsound" doctrine from textbooks and faculties. Dean William G. Raymond of the College of Applied Sciences of the State University of Iowa answered the call sent nationwide in 1923 by Mr. Insull's Illinois Committee for an ideal textbook on public-utility economics. Correspondence, offers of aid and happy approval of his manuscript resulted in publication, in 1925, of his "The Public and Its Utilities." The golden heart of this text, recognized at a glance, was its advocacy of taxation of municipally owned plants.

On the defensive side there is a spicy letter from the chairman of the Coöperation Committee, in January, 1925, suggesting that "Our Committee can hit this [unfavorable] stuff at the source, when the source happens to be a professor in one of the higher educational institutions, such as Professor Monroe at Harvard. I expect to report something on this at the meeting in Chicago this week. . . . We have not only a right but a duty to insist that no professor using the prestige of his institution may express opinions not based on research, and certainly that he must keep his hands out of the kind of thing that an advocate is hired for. . . . I think I can assure the Association that every one of these birds of the Bemis type is a stench in the nostrils of his own institution, and we would absolutely have the backing of the scholarly men if we insisted that the public utterances of schoolmen must be along lines in which they have some claim to expertness rather than glibness."

As for the lesser men, close to the soil, they wanted direct action. J. S. Sheridan, director of the Missouri Committee, American Gas Association Conference on Information Committee Work, speaking in October, 1925, said that 98 percent of the public-school textbooks examined by the utilities had proven to be "socialistic"—they favored public ownership. The prospect of 20,000,000 American school children growing up into 20,000,000 enemies of the industry was appalling. However, thanks to the committee-work which was being done with textbook writers and publishers, good progress had been made in "supplying the capitalist system with a literature of its own."

This same Sheridan, in a letter to Paul Clapp of the N. E. L. A. in June, 1926, advised against giving publicity to the work of the Information Committees as to textbooks. He deplored the fact that some work in Wisconsin on public-school matters had come into the newspapers. He urged that "It is a matter for executive session between leaders in the industry, writers of textbooks and printers thereof."

Dean Ruggles, at Ohio State University, described in the Illinois Committee's correspondence in 1922 as a "busy little letter writer," whose ideas "coincide with our own," was employed by the reorganized Committee on Coöperation, in 1927, to make a survey of the public-utility work that is now being done in the colleges and universities, and the possibilities for its extension.

Illinois University, which established a four-year course in public utilities in 1922, has had especial attention from the power interests in that state. George R. Jones of the Illinois Committee wrote Dean Thompson of its College of Commerce and Business Administration, April 1, 1925: "I was dumbfounded, some time ago, upon hearing a rumor that Professor Patton may leave you. It is, of course, no business of mine, but I cannot refrain from telling you that, personally, I think that such a thing would be a well-nigh irreparable loss to the public-utilities curriculum at Illinois, the building up of which on sound economic principles I have very much at heart."

According to the Federal Trade Commission, the executive committee of the N. E. L. A. created, in 1920, an "advisory board" of three professors—Elihu Thompson of the General Electric Company laboratories, C. F. Scott of Yale, and A. E. Ken-

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nelly of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. For the first year they received $5,000 each; the following year they were invited to continue "at a cost permitted by the finances of the association."

M. H. Aylesworth, then managing director of the N. E. L. A., speaking at the Mid-West Utilities convention of 1923, urged that utility managers should interest themselves in professors of economics or engineering in their local colleges. "Have him lecture on your subject to his classes," said Aylesworth. "Once in a while it will pay you to take such men, getting five or six hundred or a thousand dollars a year, and give them a retainer of one or two hundred dollars per year for the privilege of letting you study and consult with them. For how in heaven's name can we do anything in the schools of this country, with the young people growing up, if we have not first sold the idea of education to the college professor?"

More subtle methods are favored in the report of the Great Lakes Section, Committee on Coöperation, for 1926-27. Each state representative, it announced, "was assigned the task of arranging for a personal contact with such faculty members in each university, college, junior college and normal school in his territory as would permit these institutions to learn that certain facilities, data and service are at their disposal. It was agreed that this should be done personally, by company executives, rather than by writing letters. It was felt that the purpose of the committee would be better accomplished if we let the proper persons in the schools know that they could come to the industry for statistics, lectures and counsel that might assist students interested in our industry."

LAURENCE TODD.

Outlawing Peace by Discussing War

PUBLIC opinion adjusts itself slowly to any proposed novel project in human relationships. Habit is even more solidly entrenched in beliefs, in modes of thinking and understanding, than in outer actions. Much of the current reaction to the Briand reply concerning the renunciation of war by a far-reaching multilateral treaty, illustrates the mental inertia by means of which old ideas are used to interpret a new idea, even though the latter is antithetical to them. Adherents of the "outlawry" policy have often said that the greatest difficulty in the way of getting an intelligent hearing for that idea comes from the fact that imagination, even when supposedly envisaging the situation after the legitimacy of war is renounced, projects into the picture the present situation in which war is the legalized ultimate method of settling disputes.

This statement is confirmed by the reaction of a considerable number to the new status given the outlawry idea by the Briand reply. Instead of its being discussed in terms of the situation that should and may come about when nations have solemnly agreed "never to seek the settlement of any difference or conflict of whatsoever nature or origin save by pacific means," it is largely discussed in terms of war—of what would happen if one of the signatory nations should violate its pledge and go to war! It would be hard, I think it would be impossible, to find a better illustration of the hold that the habit of thinking of international relations in terms of war has acquired. Similarly, when the relation of the League of Nations to the proposal is discussed, the thing chiefly put to the fore is not the stimulation and reinforcement it may give the work of the League in seeking out appropriate pacific means of settling disputes, but its effect on the actual or implied war-making powers of the League! This way of looking at the question it is fashionable to call "realistic." It strikes me as the stupidity of habit-bound minds.

An amusing trait of the discussion is that when the relation of the League through its members to a nation waging a war is under consideration, the argument assumes that all nations bound by a treaty to go to war will keep their word. But when it is a question of a treaty to settle disputes by other methods than war, the chief consideration is the probability that nations—always, of course, the other nations—will *not* keep their word, even though given in the most comprehensive and most far-reaching international document ever drawn.

Treaties to make war have, it would seem, an irresistibly attractive and binding force; treaties not to make war are in all probability scraps of paper.

The New York World has reduced to a formula the idea that Europe, through the League, is committed to the policy of sustaining peace by treaties which provide for going to war, and that Europe shows no sign of doubting that these treaties will be sacredly observed. It speaks well for the candor of The World that, although a supporter of the idea that the United States should enter the League, it presents the function of the League in the form least palatable to the American public—including most of the American supporters of the League. Although I do not happen to be personally a supporter of the policy The World advocates, I do not think it is true that the business of keeping peace by waging a joint war is the chief of the League's functions with respect to peace; I should suppose that even those who regard this as a necessary measure in some contingency, look on it as a desperate last resort, instead of the League's main concern. The formula reappears, however,

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in a World editorial of April 11. The editorial says: "Europe is organized on the principle of maintaining peace by waging war against the nation which starts a war. Europe has not the slightest intention of abandoning that principle."

I do not profess to have any mandate to speak for Europe as to what it is willing or unwilling to do. Without assuming any such lofty role, a layman like myself may, however, doubt whether the "principle" in question is thought, even by the nations who have hesitatingly and ambiguously committed themselves to it, to be one upon which a vast continent can be "organized." A layman may entertain a modest doubt whether a vague and as yet uncertainly formulated willingness to wage war in common is exactly a principle of organization. Entertaining the doubt, one may venture to go on to doubt whether The World's further statement, based on this premise of Europe's determined refusal, covers the whole case or the most important phase of the effect of Briand's last reply. It says: "M. Briand has led Mr. Kellogg around by polite but perfectly logical steps to a point where the proposal to outlaw war has become really a proposal to define the policy of the United States toward the League." To one who is not wholly bound by the habit of thinking of international relations in terms of war, it seems that a truer statement would be that the negotiations have come around (with perhaps Mr. Kellogg doing a considerable part of the leading) to a point where the United States and the nations in the League will have to discuss the nature and operations of the procedures and mechanisms by which the common agreement to settle disputes by pacific means can be converted into an effective reality.

To say this is only to repeat the statement that the very essence of the position which Briand has accepted is that the negotiations for a multilateral treaty must terminate in some plan for finding and employing peaceful means in lieu of warlike ones for settling disputes. There may be those, whose ideas do not get beyond headlines, who suppose that the signing of a treaty in general terms would end the whole matter. It is hard to believe that any responsible statesman entertains that idea. Certainly every active proponent of the outlawry idea has always held that any such general statement would, and could, be but a preliminary to providing adequate means for reaching pacific adjustments. It could be but a preliminary for further negotiations respecting arbitration, conciliation, conference, revision of international law to comply with its terms, a world court and so on.

The harm that is done in discussing the present status of the negotiations as if they mainly concerned some future war lies just here. The harm and danger are practical. The American public, and possibly some Senators, need to be prepared for subsequent efforts that will have to be made in order to provide the necessary pacific means of adjustment of disputes. Discussion in terms of what would happen in case of war distracts attention from this essential need. If discussion does not prepare the public mind for the necessity and we are caught unawares, then when the treaty has been negotiated, we may well be in for another failure, a failure humiliating to our national self-respect and tragic in its consequences for the world.

JOHN DEWEY.

Fess, the Keynoter

EVERY national political convention begins with a keynote speech. It is intended to sound the pitch for the assembled party workers and to start them off on the tune they are expected to sing during the campaign. The keynote orator, therefore, is presumed to personify the party spirit of the moment.

The committee on arrangements of the Republican National Committee has chosen as the man to make the opening inspirational address for the national convention which meets in Kansas City on June 12, the Honorable Simeon D. Fess, a United States Senator from Yellow Springs, Ohio.

His selection was a surprise to many in Washington who have regarded him as a drab, shuffling, inoffensive figure, a conscientious party hack with a perfect deportment record on Senate roll-calls, an uninspiring speaker whose most conspicuous activity in public affairs has been his insistence, morning, noon and night, that President Coolidge could and should accept the renomination, in face of all he has said. This contention he has pressed at every opportunity, and defended against unmerciful taunting in the Senate.

In making this choice, the Republican party managers no doubt had good reason to pass over more outstanding men of the party, like Mr. Borah, Representative Theodore E. Burton and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who are distinguished for aggressive statesmanship and tenacious support of their various ideals, each of whom is a worthy protagonist of his own particular kind of Republican philosophy. None of these would do, apparently, because it was desired that the 1928 party keynote should consist of three discreetly chosen cheers for the Grand Oil Party.

The Chicago Tribune, among others, has spoken critically of the fact that Republican leaders should go to the lair of the notorious Ohio gang to get a party spokesman. We may pass that by, however,

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for Fess, although from Ohio, was merely an industrious Congressman, busy on errands for his district, when the Daugherty crowd was in its glory. He was not a frequenter of the Little Green House on K Street.

For other reasons, however, he was a fitting choice to voice the spirit of "the party of Lincoln"—1928 model. A biographical sketch of him says:

> Born in a log cabin in Allen County, Ohio, he became a helper on a farm. He is self-educated and self-made. The history of his struggles and successes closely resembles that of Abraham Lincoln, a deep student of whose life Senator Fess has been.

His early life was a heroic struggle against adverse circumstances. Lincoln underwent no greater hardships than did little Simmy Fess in struggling to get an education. He became a teacher, and for thirty years taught history and political science in various Ohio colleges and later at the University of Chicago. From 1907 to 1917 he was president of Antioch College. After thirty years he grew weary of the hardships entailed in trailing truth through the scholastic forests, and turned to the practice of politics—not with the consuming zeal of Wilson, who saw an opportunity to apply his academic ideals to the world of real affairs, but as a willing practitioner of the trade of politics, desiring to be nothing more than a faithful cog in the machine as he found it.

In 1912 he was made vice-chairman of the Ohio constitutional convention, placed there by the conservatives to be a balance-wheel for the progressive chairman, the late Herbert Bigelow. The same year he was elected to Congress, and in 1922 he was elected to the Senate. His conscientious regularity was beginning to pay dividends.

By April, 1924, we find him addressing the New England Coolidge dinner at Boston. The Senate Teapot Dome investigation was nearing the end of its first phase and a presidential campaign was approaching. Senator Fess applied his talents to this embarrassing situation and sounded one of the earliest keynotes to show the party workers how to deal with the oil scandals. He said:

> In the midst of this orgy of slander, this spree of muck-raking, this riot of vituperation and crimination where stalwart statesmen seem to have lost their former poise, where a self-respecting minority has abandoned a test of political theories for a try-out of the mere vaudeville, to the disgust of Senators on both sides of the aisle, and to the amazement of the country at large, there looms one figure, the leader at the head of the government, concerned over the trend of the forces of disintegration displayed in legislative circles, who has uttered a timely caution if not warning, to call back the Senate to its proper function of legislation. In the midst of the storm of abuse there he stands, unmoved by clamor, his course determined by conscientious scruples of what is the just course to take.

Among those present on this occasion was William M. Butler, then campaign manager for Mr. Coolidge and now Chairman of the Republican National Committee. No doubt he was much impressed with the defense of the party which he had heard from Senator Fess, and perhaps he then decided that here was a man who could be useful in a larger way.

About a year ago, when the White House was laboring to prevent the first passage of the McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill, President Coolidge called in Senator Fess and asked him to lead the fight against the bill. Although defeat was certain, Senator Fess conducted the thankless fight. He became a frequent caller at the White House, occasionally remaining as a house guest.

Before long he began making speeches and issuing statements urging the renomination of the President this year. In April, 1927, he made a formal prediction that Mr. Coolidge would be renominated and reëlected. Because of his frequent visits to the White House, many politicians believed he was speaking with authority, and therefore a real demand for the President began to be heard from Republican leaders. On August 2 of last year, Mr. Coolidge announced that he did not choose to run. Senator Fess only smiled. "He didn't say he wouldn't take it," he remarked, and went on with his campaign. Again in December, Mr. Coolidge repeated his statement, and Senator Fess repeated his.

After one particularly enthusiastic speech, however, Senator Fess went to the White House, and as he left he told newspaper reporters that the President was displeased with what he was saying. Shortly thereafter, the Senate was about to adopt the La Follette resolution opposing third presidential terms. Senator Fess opposed it as a Democratic political move to prevent the renomination of the President. Democratic Senators said it could not apply to the President, because he had said he did not wish to run again, and to emphasize their point the reported White House "rebuke" to Fess was recalled. Senator Fess then made an explanation, one of the most remarkable confessions which has been heard on the Senate floor.

> When I got out to the newspaper boys [he said after reciting the story of his visit with the President], I said to the boys, "Make it perfectly clear that when I am talking about the President being drafted next year, I am talking on my own responsibility—I am not talking with his approval." Then I added what was not true, but I wanted to get it across, "I find the President seems to be greatly displeased with what I have said."

Some time later, when Senator Couzens of Michigan was questioning the ethics of a transaction in the Internal Revenue Bureau, Senator Fess interrupted to say he saw no moral turpitude in the incident. Said Couzens:

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> The Senator from Ohio may have any moral standard he desires. He has confessed on the floor of the Senate that he did not tell the truth, so that if he has a moral standard of that kind he can have it. That is not my standard of business morals or any other kind of morals.

Senator Fess is now preparing his keynote address for the Republican National Convention. He was defeated the other day in Ohio in his campaign to be delegate-at-large, but a way will be found to let him in for keynote purposes. The speech will be a challenge to his powers, for there are Nicaragua, farm relief, Fall, Sinclair and Hays. Of course, he will fall back on prosperity, and even the present unemployment offers few difficulties, since Republican leaders have decided it is due to the mechanization of industry, which has also made mass prosperity possible. When Senator Fess was selected as the keynoter, it was stated that this was largely due to the skillful way in which he had presented the case for the administration, in addressing the Republican National Committee in Washington last December. Chairman Butler had kept him in mind since that Boston speech, and the Senator has made good. In that National Committee address, which probably will provide the skeleton for his keynote speech, Senator Fess, forgetting the oil scandals, summed up the case for the administration thus:

> At no time in history have a people enjoyed greater prosperity, with comforts of life so generally distributed, as do our people. No people of history ever approached the buying power as do our people, with greater liberties under the law. These are some of the accomplishments which justify you in seeking approval from the people. They are what may be called Republican prosperity. Some would say Coolidge prosperity.

The men who picked Senator Fess knew what they wanted. They wanted a keynote played in the proper places with a mute. They are certain to get it from Fess.

One can almost hear now his peroration to the steaming mass of party workers assembled in Convention Hall:

"Fall in, boys!

"On tiptoe to Victory!"

RAYMOND CLAPPER.

The Revolution in Missions

THE missionary activities of the Protestant Churches of Europe and America are about to be revised from top to bottom. The changes which were outlined at a world conference, just ended, at Jerusalem, will have results of the greatest importance, not only for religious activity but in relation to the developing nationalistic spirit in those lands where missionary activities have been most numerous and important.

The Churches are not as yet pledged to make the reforms which the Jerusalem Conference recommended. But in view of the importance of the individuals there present, and the inclusive nature of the conference, it seems highly probable that, sooner or later, the recommendations will be put into effect. Among these, the most important are:

1. That, in future, missionary efforts shall be made a part of, and directed by, the church organizations in the country where they take place.

2. That differences among various Protestant sects at home shall not be represented by similar differences, and absurd and wasteful duplication of effort, in the field.

3. That, in future, missionary efforts shall not be regarded as carrying a message from lands where Christianity is an assured success, to lands which are altogether in darkness, but that Christianization and the eradication of evils shall be regarded as a world-wide problem, to the solution of which the whole world can contribute.

It has been apparent for some time that the ideal of self-determination, which has unsettled the white man's economic and political policies in the non-white world, has invaded the realm of his religion. This, doubtless, was inevitable. The Christian missionary enterprise has found one of its major apologetics in the fact that it gave attention to human welfare and proclaimed a gospel of equality. But Christian missions have been and are a foreign enterprise in the countries where they go on. It is for that reason that both missionaries and mission administrators, since the War, have had their hands full to check or to direct, as the case might be, the aspirations and consequent demands of the national Christians of Africa and Asia.

The task of readjustment is not at all simple or, in some quarters, at all welcome. But it appears to be inescapable. The Jerusalem meeting of the International Missionary Council, which is the most representative missionary organization in Protestantism, has laid down the first comprehensive statement of the basis upon which it may be undertaken.

At the outset, the composition of the Jerusalem Conference was indicative of the nature of the problems that confronted it. The last gathering at all similar to this was in Edinburgh in 1910. Out of twelve hundred delegates at Edinburgh, all but twenty-six were westerners. Of the 240 members of the Jerusalem Conference, from fifty-one coun-

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tries, more than half were national representatives of the newer Churches of the so-called mission field.

At Edinburgh, as at most missionary gatherings, western Christians met to determine what they proposed to do for the "non-Christian" world, and how. America and Europe were on the giving, Africa and Asia on the receiving end. The Jerusalem gathering officially declared the giving-receiving era of foreign missions at an end. A new period, concerned with sharing, was inaugurated. The balance of power was not western but oriental. The old conception of a Christian, meaning "western," versus a heathen, meaning "non-white" world, was discarded. At Jerusalem, for the first time, representatives of world Christianity sat down together to consider their common message and the common paganisms that, in West and East, confront it.

The program of readjustment outlined at Jerusalem proposes to make Christianity abroad an indigenous enterprise, under the leadership and direction of nationals of the countries concerned. This was held to require the creation of Churches which shall be, not mechanical duplicates of the Churches of the West, but the expression, in architecture and organization, theology and worship, of the aspirations and experiences of the peoples of Africa and Asia. It was held, further, to require the elimination of denominational competition in favor of church unity. The reasons for the disunity of Protestantism, however binding in the West, were agreed to be of little significance among the Christians of the East.

Moreover, the missionary and the mission board were given a new status in the scheme of things. It was agreed that the missionaries, from being the agents of a foreign Church, should be incorporated into the indigenous Church of the land where they work and "made subject to it." They will thus cease to be directors of an American or European enterprise and be enlisted as educators, scientists, and technical experts, "to help the younger Churches to solve their diverse and pressing problems."

Similarly, the place of the mission organization in the field will be taken by the indigenous Church. The findings of the conference declare that "the Church-centric conception of foreign missions makes it necessary to adjust the 'mission,' where it is an administrative agency, so that the indigenous Church will become the center from which the whole missionary enterprise of the area will be directed."

There was something unique in the eagerness with which the western delegates at Jerusalem insisted that the work of foreign missions, now defined as "the business of world Christianization," must begin at home. The failure of western Churches to consider the un-Christian aspects of their own economic order was declared, in the findings, to be perhaps "the gravest hindrance to the power and extension of the missionary enterprise." Similarly, the extensive report on the question of race relationships begins with a "confession" of the failure of occidental Churches even to approximate, within their own organizations, a genuinely Christian position. It appears to have been much more than a gesture that the delegates from America and Europe appealed for help from the East for the eradication of these obviously western evils.

As I have suggested, how soon the drastic readjustments called for at Jerusalem will be incorporated into the specific activities of the various missionary organizations is still a question. The machinery of the Church, like other machinery, is ponderous. But it is significant that many of the leading missionary administrators of Europe and America were present at Jerusalem and concurred in the declarations accepted there. And the widespread uncertainty in the West as to whether foreign missions should be continued at all, on the old basis—an uncertainty reflected in the curtailed income of mission boards—may hasten the actual initiation of the policies that are outlined.

STANLEY HIGH.

Aquarelle

Summer was sitting here,
  Her red flesh on this boulder;
Spray blew over the pier
  And salt wind wet her shoulder.

The blossom of each breast
  Stood widened by the sun;
Upon its fruited crest
  The wind was never done.

Summer was big and fair
  And as naked as a fish;
I could only stare and stare
  And make a shuddering wish.

I could only lie in the sands
  And curse the thing I saw,
My eyes, my heart, my hands
  And the breath I could not draw.

I said to myself, "Tonight
  I will creep upon her here;
My feet shall be as light
  As salt upon the pier."

"I shall breathe her hair to my heart,
  I shall hurry her mouth to mine
And spread her hands apart
  And grow on her like a vine."

"I shall spread her like a rose
  On that hard and salty stone
And have her before she goes
  Where summer has always gone."

I waited until it was dark;
  The moon rose colder and colder:
All that I found was the mark
  Of a brown rose on a boulder.

HARRISON DOWD.

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Kansas City

The Crossroads of the Continent

SOME one of the eminent Eastern visitors whose words Kansas City cherishes as a sub-deb treasures the compliments of a man of the world, remarked that in the rapid flux of its growth only two points were certainly fixed—the vast vague wilderness known as Swope Park, and the Union Station, which every Kansas Citian can tell you is the fourth largest in America, and one of the most beautiful; as indeed it is, having a nobly massive façade that just escapes the inept touch of the "classical," and a huge interior that could swallow a village. But if it be not irreverent to imagine the Almighty wielding a gigantic hammer and a fistful of nails, I should say that He would be doing well if He succeeded in fixing or nailing down anything in this city whose god is Motion and whose ideal is Change. For these are its history and its destiny.

The leisurely river shown on the maps as the Kansas, but known to all tongues as the Kaw, flows out of the West, twists suddenly northward, and merges unostentatiously with the complacent breadth of the Missouri. Above this meeting of the waters rise bluffs, high and steep. Beyond, the first white man to climb them saw hills—little hills and low, but endless. Northward, across the Missouri, there is something of the flatness proper to a prairie; but try to find a level acre in Jackson County! The land billows; a kind of fixed motion, an arrested restlessness prophetic of the race that has come to build a great city up and down these steeps.

As long ago as 1821, fur-traders and trappers came spying out this land. Presently some go-getter, disappearing into the silent chartless prairie, brought up at Santa Fé, and returned with the exciting idea of an overland trade-route to Mexico. In 1827, Independence was founded, and the romantic history of the Santa Fé Trail began. Two years later the federal government shooed the Indians of the Northwest and Southwest Territories across the Missouri, paying them $27,000,000 for lands which now comprise eight states, from Ohio to Louisiana. Naturally, a good many whites followed westward, with the laudable purpose of selling the Indians twenty-seven million dollars' worth of rifles, blankets, and fire-water. In 1833, a group of these traders built a town, called it Westport, and cut a road down to a big shelving rock on the Missouri, not far below the Kaw. There the steamboats stopped, and it was known as Westport Landing; but not for long, for in 1839 the sturdy settlers around the landing dubbed their hamlet, already climbing the muddy bluff, the Town of Kansas. The name was that of an Indian tribe; the state of Kansas was still in the womb of the bloody future. In 1859 it became the City of Kansas, and in 1889, Kansas City. Westport has long since been swallowed; and some day a reluctant Independence, where long-legged indolent men, who might have companioned Mark Twain, still sun themselves in the courthouse square, will be swallowed too.

A couple of hundred miles west of Kansas City is the exact geographical center of these United States. Not inapt, therefore, is the city's chosen title, The Heart of America. But even more appropriate would be, The Crossroads of the Continent. Born of the trading impulse, with wholesale distribution still its greatest industry, it is as much the restless trading-post today as in 1839. Thirteen trunk-line railroads and thirty-two minor lines meet and cross there; in its railroad yards the swift pulse of American commerce beats hugely. Even more typical is the life of the Union Station. Although virtually no suburban traffic passes through it, the vast lobby day and night swarms with people—coming, going, coming, going; brisk salesmen and substantial merchants, tall sombrero'd cattlemen, booted and bandanna'd cowboys, ladies gowned from the Rue de la Paix, stolid farmers and their drab wives huddled with broods of bewildered children; and ever and again, troupes of tourists erupting from the trains to stretch their legs, and rushing back to be on their way to Santa Fé and Los Angeles, Denver and Seattle, Chicago and New York—anywhere, it seems, so long as they *go*. Yet, incredibly, more people enter and leave Kansas City by electric interurban lines than by the steam roads. As to automobile travel, it can only be described in the words of Daniel's prophecy about the Last Day—"Many shall rush to and fro."

Here is the crossroads of the continent, not only on the map, but on the chart of time and the diagram of national psychology. Every force and current and influence that has made, and is making, America, flows and eddies here. Youthfulness and premature age; the pioneering impulse and its sudden weariness; the tremendous levelling weight of democracy and the ineluctable impulses toward distinction; the worth and faults of every race that enters into us; the eager acceptance of standardization and the quick recognition of individuality; wistful religious instincts and hollow religious forms, conventional morality carefully worn as a garment over innate burning paganism, political ineptitude and intellectual shallowness and amazing

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artistic depths—all are manifest here as clearly as goods in a show-window.

It is called the Gateway of the Southwest, but the flow of life is from every direction. The city is peopled chiefly from Kansas and Oklahoma; the backwash of the westward impulse, returning upon itself in daily waves; the farmer weary of the struggle with the soil, the farmer's son and daughter in revolt against the lonely prairie and the emptiness of the small town; the cowboy stranded by the falling fortunes and changed conditions of the cattle trade; the oil-country adventurer gone broke wildcatting, or sticky with wealth. For a century waves of American life have passed over this city, going on to the Pacific, or returning, or dying here; and for a present testimony here come the Italians, filling the North End, and the Mexicans, creating a crazy little settlement on the slopes of crazy little hills above the stockyards. Yesterday's outworn clothes are the oldest of all things, and parts of Kansas City seem as old as Jamestown or Plymouth. On Quality Hill, huge brick houses that were the proud homes of the cattle- and wholesale-aristocracy in late crinoline days, too well built to crumble, stand cavernously empty; or with the quaint sign, "Sleeping Rooms," advertise themselves as verminous flops for impecunious travelers. Along Independence Avenue, fashion's center two short decades ago, silent mansions deep in shaded lawns yield one by one to the creeping tide of garages, cheap apartments and bad restaurants. Chief symbol of age and a past, the Missouri flows lazily over its snags between banks of blowing alkali dust, dreaming of the time when steamboat whistles daily stirred the levee to activity. Today, if a watcher on the hills sees so much as a rowboat on the river, it is an event rarer than the visit of a navy dirigible to New York. There is perpetual agitation for revival of river traffic; but anyone who knows our American folkways can safely wager that the forty-five railroads entering Kansas City will not allow the movement to gather undue speed.

Northward the city shrivels and dies, save where the Italians crowd in; but southward and southwestward and eastward the city presses exuberantly, and the breast of the prairie, glorious with an indescribable wealth of wild-flowers, is marked off in building lots and estates. And there blossoms the three-fold domestic ideal—home, and the wife, and the kiddies.

Mechanic or laborer in Kansas City, if he be industrious and docile, can make good wages. He is therefore likely, in his early twenties, to marry a girl in her middle 'teens. He then starts the purchase either of a five-room bungalow somewhere in the broad eastern fringe of the city, or of a building-lot out toward Independence. In the latter case, a garage is built and furnished as a miniature home, and there they live until the second baby comes, by which time enough is saved to build—a five-room bungalow, from plans supplied by the lumber company. There is a grass plot and maybe a thin tree; bright Grand Rapids furniture; a red-shaded imitation mahogany floor-lamp in one corner of the living-room, a radio or phonograph in the other, a washing-machine in the kitchen, and a garage in the rear, housing a Ford or Chevrolet. All these things are being bought by "deferred payments." The children grow up with the advantages of space and air, and under the handicap of an impoverished diet that knows not Alfred W. McCann; they go to schools that, in structure and curriculum, are the last word in American educational experimentation; and the first boy is invariably addressed as "Junior."

The next stage for our industrious and thrifty mechanic, and the first stage for the young man of higher economic class, who enters business, is a larger house, in an older part of town, on a street deep in mellow old trees, near a gaudier movie-palace and a fancier drug-store; there is a Buick or Hudson in the garage. From this point the road of ambition is as clear as a concrete highway; and the progress of the successful Kansas Citian will be marked by a trail of homes, each one newer and more pretentious than the last, and each one farther south, to the utmost limit of a high-powered car's ability to whisk him to and from business. When the aeroplane becomes a traffic commonplace, the boundaries of Kansas City's suburbs will certainly be more than a hundred miles from Twelfth and Main.

It is the firm faith of every Kansas Citian that these suburbs "out South" are the most beautiful in the world. Since the world also contains Germantown, and Philadelphia's Main Line suburbs, and the Westchester hills, the boast is not true; nevertheless the Country Club district, Rockhill Park, Sunset Hill and Mission Hills, are something to be proud of. Here is the work of Men of Vision in its happiest fruition. Rockhill is deep in trees; roses cascade over the walls at Sunset Hill; and excellent Italian marbles lurk along the curved drives of the Country Club development. The late William Rockhill Nelson, owner and editor of the Kansas City Star, and J. C. Nichols, a man who transcends the role of realtor and is an indubitable civic asset, are chiefly responsible for these glamorous regions, which reward Success with everything that enters into the American's domestic ideal, which give the city something to show to strangers, and which are undoubtedly the most potent of incentives to every forward-looking young man with a wife and kiddies, or with his eye on the golden girl.

This dominant centrifugal impulse is the key to understanding of Kansas City. It comes directly out of the character of its people, and it will determine the ultimate character of the city. These people have fled the prairie, yet they must have something of the prairie about them. Although a

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line of ten- and fifteen-story apartment hotels is marching across Armour Boulevard and up Broadway, they and all other such devices for living close together attract but an insignificant fraction of Kansas City's population. And even the apartment houses must be set back in lawns and wear half the air of private residences. Nowhere but in a little section of the Italian North End could a Manhattanite feel himself in the familiar presence of rows of houses that stand shoulder to shoulder toeing the sidewalk, frankly urban. The genius of these people is against it. And so the centrifugal impulse works, and that atmosphere in which the arts and the more urbane things of life flourish, fights a grim battle with it. Kansas Citians spend some of their leisure at bridge, and more at the neighborhood movie house—with sundaes and sodas afterward at the drug-store—but their great delight is to jump in the car and go somewhere. Just going is the main thing, but if there is any objective it is likely to be one of the golf clubs which ring the city round, as the fortifications surround Paris. This itch for movement is in large measure both the cause and the result of that "world's greatest system of connected parkways and boulevards," 105 miles in all, which is the city's chief boast. The roadway for the most part resembles a wash-board with warts; but at least these parkways and boulevards are broad, free from heavy traffic, and bordered with trees and pleasant homes, and so they call irresistibly to that impulse to *go*. But praise cannot be too high for the parks which dot the city in every direction, three of them being among the most beautiful in the world.

Meanwhile, the legitimate drama finds Kansas City the nadir of its circuit, an intelligent little theater has hard going, and a splendid collection of modern pictures hung in the Art Institute attracted a daily dozen of visitors who stared unmoved either to rapture or rage. But when we turn to music, we are reminded of the point recently made by Francis J. Oppenheimer in his searching philosophical primer, "The New Tyranny," that the mystic peoples surpass in music and are deficient in the visual and objective arts. We have the convincing testimony of Grierson, Masters, Sandburg, Lindsay, Anderson and other writers, that the spirit that broods on the prairie and claims the prairie's children is an overmastering mysticism. These people who make Kansas City have come in from the prairie saturated with this mysticism. Pictures mean little to them except in the light of reputation; their architecture is a magpie's nest filched from all the world; but music they love and support. Their Little Symphony, to be sure, has had a struggle, but it is safe to predict that ere long it will be a Big Symphony; for the Minneapolis and St. Louis Orchestras, the world's greatest pianists, violinists and singers, and visiting opera companies, always pack the ample Ivanhoe Temple or the huge seating-capacity of Convention Hall; and every schoolchild above infantile years is taken more than once annually to hear symphonic music. The result is that knowledge and love of good music are diffused through all ranks more widely than in any other American city of which I, at least, have knowledge. Marion Talley, of course, is adored; but Henry Varnum Poor makes his pictures and pottery beside the Hudson, Virgil Barker wanders over Europe, and I am personally acquainted with a dozen young artists and writers who have fled from Kansas City to New York—for good. Under the terms of the Nelson will a vast art gallery is soon to arise, but no picture may be bought for it unless the painter has been at least thirty years dead!

In this absurd provision of the Nelson bequest, all the frailties of the Kansas City psychology are implicit; intellectual shallowness, the mystic's incorrigible habit of fleeing and denying reality, and a wholly unnecessary inferiority complex. The undeniable prettiness, which is yet merely prettiness, of their suburbs, they call beauty; but they are blind to the stupendous revelations of form in the West Bottoms, and the desolate loveliness of the Missouri Valley. They maintain a high official pride in their Liberty Memorial, although everyone knows that this monstrous mistake is correctly characterized by the profane younger generation in phallic terms which do not admit of reproduction in print. Church membership mounts and church activities flourish where Protestantism has most fully run its destined course to the total elimination of all real religious concept, save among the Fundamentalists with their hysterical mysticism and endless crusades against the Devil, the Papists and the Jews. Officially, the pink and violet domestic virtues reign unperturbed in this city of impeccable homes; but a vigorous pagan life goes on, known to all. Around the desolate plaza where a decrepit courthouse cries to heaven for demolition, the air is heavy with the aroma of gin and wine in the making, and scarlet-clad girls beckon from windows. The cheap apartments of the "close-in" district swarm with lusty girls who have fled the dreariness of prairie and small town, secured work in factory, restaurant or office, and promptly acquired lovers; or turned to "the oldest profession." All roads out of the city have their road-houses, known as "chicken dinner farms." Drinking is universal and joyous. Only the wealthy have real rye or imitation Scotch; but oceans of very good "corn licker," not so good raw "alky" flavored with juniper or mixed with coca-cola, home-brew, "needle-beer" and "dago red," slip down the Kansas City gullet. High-school boys tote hip-flasks, but the fact that a large proportion of high-school boys and girls add a taste of forbidden fruit to their curriculum is acknowledged only when it breaks out in some lurid scandal.

Most characteristic of the inferiority complex is the boast that Kansas City has the smallest proportion of foreign-born residents of any large city

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in the land. With this is linked the cherished creed that the East is a welter of alien squalor and crime that threaten the pure Americanism exemplified here. By subtle confusion of thought, these ideas are merged with the "Anglo-Saxon" fiction, although the old English stock is almost lost amid the strains of German, Scandinavian, Irish and Czech blood, not to mention the Italians and the very numerous Negroes. I have heard a convention of Baptist ministers, meeting on the lawn of an Irish Catholic realtor as his guests, with the sullen cross of the Klan burning on the next hill, deplore the fact that Jackson County has the highest divorce rate outside of Reno, and then rend the air with warnings against the dreadful aliens of New York, because they lack the American domestic virtues! Yet in the outlying industrial districts there are numerous anemic poor white laborers, pure Nordics if ever there were such, living in the crudest squalor. And yet again, the first thing your average Kansas Citian reads each morning is O. O. McIntyre's column of New York gossip.

A city of contrasts! Prim ideals and prim homes; love-making in parked cars and the flappiest flappers in the shortest skirts doing the most daring dances to the jazziest music in the perfectly respectable amusement parks. Irish Catholic Democratic bosses and German Catholic Republican bosses picking mayors from the ranks of prominent Masons and Klansmen; political incompetence—even the graft is petty—civic narrowness, despite the endemic luncheon clubs. Only the sensational aspects of current world-thought touch these people; but their hearts are as big as their prairies; and their competence in business is unquestionable. The huge distributing houses did a business of $771,000,000 in 1926. Manufacturers of flour, feed, soap, steel, work-clothes, dairy products, oil products, paint and two-score more categories reached a value of $673,000,000, and are constantly growing. Nineteenth among American cities in population, Kansas City is ninth in bank clearings, sixth in postal receipts, first in distribution of agricultural implements, winter wheat, stock-cattle and hogs, and lumber; second as a packing center and a livestock, horse and mule market.

The stockyards, dominated by the quarter-mile-long American Royal Building, where the biggest stock show in America and the best horse show west of Dublin are held, extend into Kansas City, Kansas. K. C. K., as it is colloquially called, is a very loose aggregation of half a dozen extremely Kansan small towns, with a Main Street not distinguishable from that of Rapid City, S. D. Yet one feels there a gripping sense of untold future destiny.

But drive with me over the Inter-City Viaduct, back toward the Missouri side: an amazing skyline, comparable to Manhattan's own, catches the westering sun on a score of slender towers. Stand with me by the statue of the Scout, looking down on the green loveliness of Penn Valley, and the huddled hills of "Little Mexico" that cry for an El Greco or Cézanne or Vlaminck to paint them, and the lazy bend of the Kaw with huge slag-colored hills above it. Drive with me to the little circle where Pendleton Avenue overlooks Cliff Drive, and watch the Missouri flow out of a green North and brood away to the East between melancholy flatlands. Sit with me in the granite pergola high over Kersey Coates Drive; no spot in America more fit for gazing and dreaming. The solid bulk of warehouses and the rounded masses of grain elevators; strong parallel lines of a hundred tracks and a thousand freight-cars; white puffs of steam and the ceaseless harmonious rattle and grind and whistle of locomotives; and beyond, over the pointed steeples on the Kansas side, the West!—the Prairie—the sense of something boundless, irresistibly alluring, the essence of all sunsets, a thing too beautiful for speech. You will understand the power of the prairie, and believe with me that out of the prairie people, with their bursting vitality, their abundance of original sin and their mysticism, there will come some day, here in this city they have builded, as great art as the world has ever known; in music, in letters, and at last in paint and bronze and marble.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Washington Notes

GENERAL political conditions seem about to become more normal—in one direction at least—than they have been since 1924. It has always been illogical that the minority party, out of power and with nothing much to squabble over, should be the one which is split wide open by factional bitterness, torn by strife and jealousy. Logically, the majority party is the one in which feuds and factions should develop, and in which party leaders can indulge in internal warfare without seeming silly. For the Democrats to divide on the threshold of a presidential battle, as in 1924, thus throwing into the discard every hope of victory, is the acme of absurdity. The one chance for the minority is to watch for, and take advantage of, the splits on the other side. The present prospect is that there will be vastly more turbulency and bitterness among the Republicans at Kansas City than among the Democrats at Houston. This upsets the calculations of all the forecasters, but is unquestionably reasonable and right.

Twelve months ago, it was agreed by all orthodox prophets that the dreadful wounds inflicted upon the body of the Democratic donkey by itself in Madison Square Garden in 1924 still gaped and bled. It was also agreed that his habit could not be cured so long as Smith and McAdoo lived and breathed, and that as a result the election would not be a race in 1928, but a Republican walkover. "Any Republican will win" was the accepted idea. It was proclaimed in all the Republican organs and a considerable number of the so-called independent Democratic ones as well. The change that has since come over the

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situation is really remarkable. The extraordinary success of Smith in the California primaries not only makes Mr. McAdoo a mere memory, but apparently marks the complete collapse of anything like formidable opposition to the New York Governor. It not only seems to assure his nomination at Houston, practically by acclamation, but puts control of the convention as to organization, vice-presidential nomination and platform wholly in his hands. It promises a relatively orderly Democratic convention and a relatively united Democratic party behind its strongest candidate. This, of course, does not mean that he will be a winning candidate, but it insures a chance to win, which no one a year ago dreamed the party would have. What the chance amounts to, depends largely on the political sense of Smith and the luck. Usually he has had both. If he has the luck he may get away with it, despite the Catholic handicap, the weight of which no one knows, and as to which one man's guess is as good as another's. The only certain thing is that being a Catholic is a political liability, not an asset, when you run for President.

Close friends of Smith, both here and in New York, with whom I have talked since the California primary, regard as his immediate and pressing problem what to do about prohibition. I am reliably informed that Smith personally is troubled in his mind over this matter; that he has sought, and is seeking, the best advice regardless of politics or party. It is asserted, further, that he has not only been unable to obtain from anyone else a feasible and satisfactory idea which can be developed into a constructive proposal, but has not been able to evolve one himself. Among those with whom he has talked on the subject, I am told, are Elihu Root, James W. Wadsworth and Nicholas Murray Butler. I do not mean to insinuate that any one of these three stalwart Republicans proposes to support him for President after his nomination. They are all, each in his own way, much too deeply ingrained in their Republicanism not to support their own party nominee. Nevertheless, they like Al, all three of them, and on this subject of prohibition they see with him.

Logically, of course, they ought to support him against the dry Hoover, but they will not. Republicans of prominence—even of the highest type—are never that logical. They will find any number of erudite reasons for not doing so when the time comes, just as the League of Nations Republicans found reasons for supporting the anti-League Harding in 1920. The interesting thing, though, is that Al should be on sufficiently friendly terms with these Republican figures to talk such an issue over with them. Still more interesting is the fact that none of them has found a formula. My own private conviction is that the reason is simply because there is no such formula.

Turning to the other camp, the promise at Kansas City is for one of the liveliest and most entertaining conventions the Republican party has held in a long time. My belief is that the fight over the platform will be hotter and more dangerous than over the ticket. By the time this piece is printed, the Indiana primaries will have been held; but whether Hoover carries that state or not his nomination will still be a strong probability. There is not, however, a chance of his getting by without bringing screams of anguish from the Lowden-Dawes delegations of the McNary-Haugen belt—screams well calculated to promote a rift in the harmony lute and encourage Democrats. In the matter of the platform, the struggle will be desperate. For one thing, it comes first, and the selection of the candidate hinges on the character of the platform. If the administration forces are in control, as they probably will be, and adopt a platform in accord with administration ideas, the Hoover selection is practically assured. If, on the other hand, the anti-Hoover combination can get into the platform an endorsement of the equalization-fee principle of the McNary-Haugen Bill, it will practically be a knockout blow for the Hoover-Coolidge-Mellon administration forces. The chances, of course, are all against such an endorsement's going in; but the effort to get it in will, I am confident, cause about the bloodiest battle that has occurred in a Republican convention in a good many years.

This McNary-Haugen business is not the only fight that will go to the floor of the convention, and thence to the great radio audience which will be listening in and, if possible, mustn't hear too much party discord. It has always been alleged that one of the things that hurt the Democrats most in 1924 was the fact that for the first time the proceedings of a national convention were broadcast. It is supposed that, before the convention was over, the idea soaked in on some twenty million of our "friends of the air," as the radio announcers so unctuously say, that this convention was a terrible cat and dog fight, and that any party that could indulge in such indecent disorder in selecting its ticket and molding its platform was not to be entrusted with the government of the United States. I have no doubt that there is a considerable amount of truth in that contention. For those who merely listened in, the contrast between the din and disorder of the Democrats in 1924 and the placid, dull proceedings at Cleveland, in which there was not a thrill for anyone, must have had an effect on the radio mind. This time, between Senator Borah and Dr. Butler, there is a promise for Republican discord on the explosive subject of prohibition at least equal to any that will occur at Houston. Dr. Butler, Mr. Edge, Mr. Wadsworth and the Eastern wets, I believe, will make a fight "as is," and will find Mr. Borah and some others in just the mood to welcome that sort of fight. The prayerful policy of pussyfooting does not suit either side this time. They are both spoiling for a real knock-down and drag-out on this issue, and they mean to have it.

And that is not all. Unless I greatly mistake the purpose of the Borah-Norris-La Follette progressives, a furore will be kicked up in the Republican convention on the subject of corruption that will be most embarrassing to all the administration leaders, whose policy of silence on this subject has been one of the most astounding—and inexcusable—things in American politics. This ought to be highly edifying to our "friends of the air." A resolution will be offered in committee, and if rejected there, offered

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on the floor, denouncing Sinclair, Fall and Doheny by name, repudiating every Republican official who directly or indirectly contributed, either through dumbness or crookedness, to the oil lease frauds, and particularly and specifically denouncing Mr. Hays, the bond peddler and movie censor, who wiped out the Republican deficit with Mr. Sinclair's Continental Trading Company securities. A resolution along these lines will go in, and it will be so couched as to condemn silence in the face of corruption as cowardly and contemptible. In other words, it will be so drawn as to cause acute pain in administration circles. By that I mean Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover. Nor am I revealing any secret when I say that the thought of the sufferings of these exalted persons will not spoil the day for some of the more prominent convention supporters of this "the party must purge itself" resolution.

Washington. T. R. B.

500 Answers to Sales Objections

HAVE you ever gone into a small stationery store for the purpose, shall we say, of buying Old Golds or a toy fire-engine or a copy of Zit's Weekly or any of the other fascinating articles on which stationery stores chiefly subsist? And have you ever found the bald, shirt-sleeved and unshaven owner of the store in deep consultation with a man who wore a cigar, a loud tie, a ringing voice and a sample case full of morocco loose-leaf note-books? Did you notice how the owner turned to you in relief from a conversation in which his part was to answer violent sallies of the ringing voice with dubious shakes of his bald head, and began hunting for your Old Golds or your toy fire-engine with deliberate procrastination? Did you perhaps guess that your interruption was most welcome to him? Did you realize that he had almost certainly been engaged in making objections to the glib talk of a salesman, and that the salesman had been hammering him in return with one of the "500 Answers to Sales Objections"?

This last phrase is the actual title of a real live book, written by Ray Giles of The Blackman Company and published by The Ronald Press, New York, which is undoubtedly a best-seller among the gents who shave in Pullmans and pad their expense accounts.

"500 Answers to Sales Objections." The little book contains 500 answers to only 81 objections. The objections, being outnumbered six to one, haven't got a chance. Nobody has yet published the obvious companion volume, for the benefit of the poor, silent, nonplussed, dubious, but eventually "sold" owner of the small stationery store: "3000 Crushing Replies to 500 Smooth Answers to 81 Sales Objections."

In order to bring home to you the complete, hopeless impotence of the owner of the stationery store when face to face with a smart young fellow who knows all of Mr. Ray Giles' 500 Answers by heart, I shall place you for a moment in his shoes. Your store is dark and dingy and thirty feet deep and ten feet wide. You pay $150 rent a month. You have no assistant—when you go to lunch, your wife, after putting the lunch on a hot corner of the stove, walks over to the store and takes her turn minding the till, the cling-clinks of whose cash-registering bell are painfully infrequent. You have two near-by competitors, Mr. Diehl across the street and Mr. Edelstein a block to the north. You carry a better and longer line of goods than either of them, yet somehow they get the trade. You would not be willing to admit that Mr. Diehl cuts you out because his pretty daughter waits on the customers, and that Mr. Edelstein is more successful because he gives away cigars and is willing to share his latest red-hot tip on the horses, but such is the case. Instead of conscripting your own daughter, or doing a little bootlegging on the side, you still attempt to run the store on cold, calculating, scientific principles, which means that year after year, one after another, smooth young men with sample cases have cajoled, bluffed and sandbagged you into putting several dozen of the "latest features," "newest wrinkles" or "niftiest novelties" on your shelves—where, one after another and year after year, they remain.

Your brain, and the plain fact that you are barely able to make both ends meet, urge you to place orders for these novelties, but something deeper and dumber within you makes you resist the virile arguments of these young men with all sorts of objections. You don't really want the stuff, you suspect that you can't sell it, it's too new, or too expensive, or too much like something else you have already. But for every objection you raise, the young men have an endless supply of irrefutable and snappy comebacks. They appeal to your pride, they play upon your fears, they flatter you, they wise-crack, they sass you, they worry you with "now or never" and "everybody else is doing it." You are doomed from the start: your resources are limited by your own timid wits, while theirs, nourished by deep study of Mr. Giles' booklet, are inexhaustible. Only the night before, in some seedy two-dollar-and-a-half hotel bedroom, where the Gideons' Bible lies unopened on the dresser, they have been learning it by heart. Whether your objection falls under the chapter heading of Price, Profit, Performance, Policy, Punctuality, Personal or Put-off, they have anywhere from three to sixteen answers ready to meet it.

The following dialogue, which may be assumed to take place in the struggling stationery store between its owner and the unanswerable salesman, is culled here and there from the instructive product of Mr. Giles' fertile mind.

STATIONERY STORE OWNER: Your price is too high.

SALESMAN: You need some high-priced goods in here to give the place more class.

S. S. O.: My trade would think your prices too low to represent real value.

SALESMAN: That is the funniest reason for not buying that I have ever heard.

S. S. O.: I get better terms and discounts from other houses.

SALESMAN: Yes, but lots of smart dealers like you look with suspicion on fancy discounts.

S. S. O.: Your goods don't compare with Smith's.

SALESMAN: You say that because you don't know them as well as I do. Now let me show you.

S. S. O.: Your product is too new and people are not ready for it.

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SALESMAN: Yes, that is what they said about the typewriter, the sewing machine, the steam boat and the automobile.

S. S. O.: My present line is much more up-to-date.

SALESMAN: Many people don't want the newest thing. They prefer to buy old, reliable staples.

S. S. O.: Your goods don't stand up in this climate.

SALESMAN: If you let climate rob you of good business you won't get very far.

S. S. O.: Your sizes are wrong.

SALESMAN: Nobody ever said that to me before.

S. S. O.: Your device is too complicated.

SALESMAN: So is the human body.

S. S. O.: I will take your product on a consignment basis.

SALESMAN: Ha-ha! That's the way they sell the weak ones.

S. S. O.: I am all stocked up.

SALESMAN: Why not put the slow-sellers on a high shelf and put my line out in front?

S. S. O.: I don't handle advertised goods.

SALESMAN: Neither does the undertaker.

S. S. O.: I don't like the attitude which the president of your company has taken on certain public questions.

SALESMAN: What shall we do? Spank him?

S. S. O.: I think your product is rotten.

SALESMAN: But look at the way it sells.

S. S. O.: Your story sounds fishy.

SALESMAN: That's what they said to Jonah.

S. S. O.: Right now I am broke.

SALESMAN: Then here is exactly what you need.

At this point the S. S. O., exhausted and white-hot under the collar, uncorks what seems to him the final and unanswerable comment.

"GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!"

But the salesman, mentally turning the pages until he gets to section VIII and objection 19, hesitates quickly between Sales Answers (a), (b), (c), (d), or (e), and, having chosen (a), says politely but firmly, "Don't say it so loudly. Some of your Sunday school customers may hear you."

Whereupon the S. S. O. either signs the order slip or beats the salesman over the head with a piece of lead-pipe. To which masterly sales objection even Mr. Giles' bottomless book provides no answer.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Indictment

What salve is left, what dark serenity
To heal the spirit's barren discontent?
The snail walks in his crystal tenement;
The mollusc sleeps in fluted pearl; the bee
Grazes the zinnia or buoyantly
Tunnels the phlox for gold or drills a dent
In the blue lupin's ore; and with cement
Of silver the wild wasp usurps his tree.

And we, who neither build nor break, we feed
Inward upon our loneliness; we bait
The trap with our own hunger and our greed:
Not like the spider at his diamond gate,
But rather like the scorpion who will bleed
Himself for venom in his vile estate.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

Governor or President?

THERE is, in the modern federal democracy, a kind of paralysis of the social will which defeats, before it is begun, the impulse to follow a constructive course. We refuse to control events manifestly and admittedly weighted with the greatest public significance. All states want anthracite, and only Pennsylvania has it. Not all grow wheat or cotton. Not all have water-power, harbors, forests, steel or textile mills. But the people of all states need goods which are imported, and lumber, steel and clothes which originate in various parts of our home territory, just as they need the financial service of New York and the meat-packing service of Chicago. The sphere of action of the federal government would rather seem to be determined by the fact of disturbance among such relations as these than by such principles as those to which President Coolidge so confidently appeals. But if Mr. Hoover accedes to Coolidge *laissez-faire* and Mr. Smith holds on to the traditional Democratic view of states' rights, how are the problems raised by these considerations to be met? Is our paralysis to continue for another presidential term?

As a matter of fact, the diseases which are overcoming *laissez-faire* and attempts at state control alike, have been met, not with resignation, but with much social squirming and nostrum-hunting. We consent reluctantly, and without any sure notion of implications, to spasmodic change in little things. But, because conflicts among those who influence policy so nearly balance, or because the machinery of democracy has broken down as a medium of representation, the government has remained inactive in the spheres of greatest need. Furthermore, and in consequence, it has drawn to itself mediocre officials and has, generally, shown itself feeble and ineffectual in those few matters in which it has tried to interfere. And this has greatly strengthened the Republican nihilism which repeats the old aphorism: "that government is best which governs least." It is, perhaps, too strong to picture big business as a careless vulture feeding on a prostrate public and sickening periodically of a violent indigestion—but the simile has an embarrassing modicum of truth. Big business certainly throws its influence on the side of freedom for itself and, since it is so strong, it needs but little government for the protection of its interests. Nor does it hesitate to debauch what little government there is, or use it, as the tariffs have been used, for its exclusive benefit. There is nothing wrong about buying or bullying an official, so the notion seems to run.

There is an old controversy among American theorists concerning the functions of the states' and of the nation's government. But how slight a glance at reality is required to see the steady decline of the states and the constantly increasing need for enlarged federal powers. It comes as a shock to hear serious suggestions of a defense for states' rights in our day. They can depend only on argument from constitutional scripture; not at all on argument from necessity. If what is wanted is a more active and resistant governmental organism as an alternative to present futility, this is not the way to get it. To some of us, at least, the way seems to lie in the direction of

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strengthening the head rather than the other members, in spite of the admitted difficulties, as the only organ sufficiently inclusive to protect all interests and to control all functions. Such a strengthening would involve a widening of the powers of federal government. It must be removed from the constant fear of intruding upon the privileges of the states, and it must be given coercive power in the field of industry which it does not now have.

Our Constitution was drawn without a single provision which directly related to industry, a situation which left to a body of constitutional lawyers the virtual power of defining its place in society so soon as it had overflowed the jurisdiction of the states; and since the lawyers and the courts have always been far more jealous of individuals' rights—and corporations are legal individuals—than of social welfare, the policy of maintaining a governmental myth of *laissez-faire*—with exceptions—has lingered into the 1920's.

We need a statesman with the vision and the courage to make of the federal government an instrument of public welfare; who will develop and vivify its powers, rather than sabotage them in the mistaken belief that industry and the public are benefited in that way. Cannot Governor Smith understand that—ridiculous as it sounds—the stronghold of Jeffersonianism has shifted from the South to the Northeast, and that its latter-day prophet is Coolidge? He will be greatly handicapped in any competition to capture what is, by now, essentially Republican thunder. And cannot he learn from this that the other tradition of Democracy is better—the tradition of protecting all vital social interests, and not exclusively those of the fortunate and hitherto privileged classes; of defining and making effective the fumbling wish for a better life, lived with the apparatus of our own time, which is in people's hearts? This can only be done by a positive federal program. Mr. Coolidge has done enough to sabotage the organs of federal administration. If that is all a Democrat can offer, why on earth should we change? If Governor Smith is clearly faced with any issue, it is that of saying just how, *as a federal executive,* he expects to contribute to a betterment of American life. If he feels that being a Democrat imposes upon him a persistent defense of states' rights, he would better remain a Governor; perhaps we can discover a candidate for President with some faith in the office; one who can break through into American minds and gather up the elusive elements of a genuine national will; who can upset the balance of opposed conflicts which lies like a dead hand on the organs of federal administration; who can make it intelligent, active, and resourceful in the public interest.

Those of us who have lived under his administration in New York have learned to trust his honest concern for his constituents. And we have seen him forge, from most unpromising materials, a state administration which is remarkably effective in its field. But it seems justifiable to wonder whether, as a national executive, he would be equally eager to extend his administration over the whole range of activities which have, by now, escaped from the states and have become, in fact if not in law, nation-wide in scope. That same fresh, untraditional, direct attack on the problems of contemporary life which we, in his state, have admired, would, it seems, inevitably lead to a new conception of federal powers. But has he been a Governor so long, and become so convinced of the sufficiency of state administration, that he has disqualified himself for a presidential career of this same sort? He has discovered ways of penetrating to the social will in New York, and of infusing it with practical intelligibility. We lack entirely, as yet, an intimation of such clairvoyance in national affairs.

R. G. TUGWELL.

Playwrights and Causes

THE New Playwrights in their theater in Cherry Lane ended their season some weeks ago, and now Mr. E. E. Cummings' "him" has been trying its fortunes at the Provincetown. These instances may all be called, one way or another, experiments in revolutionary theater, as regards form, content and production. The ventures of the New Playwrights came off more than doubtfully. About "him" opinions are divided, as we may see in the pamphlet that the producers have gotten out, in which the glittering skill of Mr. Gilbert Seldes has stacked up an amazing case of critics and critics' differences.

And yet there are people who wish these playwrights well, who think of them with the kindest hopes, are open to radical thought, radical forms in art and the utmost freedom in method, who are in general full of warm, high hopes for the adventure, and yet when they come to the specific effort find themselves quite let down. Not all these people can be fools.

The New Playwrights' later offerings in Cherry Lane include such pieces, more or less characteristic, as Mr. John Howard Lawson's "The International," Mr. Em Jo Basshe's "The Centuries" or Mr. Paul Sifton's "The Belt" (all three published by the Macaulay Company, New York). All these plays by the New Playwrights group may be said to assume, however voluntarily, the burden of propaganda—communistic, socialistic, themes around movements and causes, industry, Ford, immigration, Jews, Negroes, and so on. What is the situation, taking this drama as art, which is the only way to take it, in the same sense that no matter what are his ideas, intentions and missions, a man is in the end a man, a living human animal?

For the New Playwrights, then, the first point is that their themes and ideas are, so far as American life goes, imported and ready-made. They did not spring from the native depths of American life, and do not, now that they are a part of it, well up with any wide abundance of energy and feeling. You can say also that over the country far and wide the pressure of these ideas is greatly scattered and lessened in the last few years—the tameness of our May Day flares compared to the blood and tension in various towns of Europe is a simple illustration of this fact. The indifference to the New Playwrights of what might reasonably be thought their own proper public, the Socialists, Labor parties and the radical-minded among intellectuals has been, according to all accounts, abysmal; though they might easily have supplied audiences to fill any theater and make any experiment possible.

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What does this mean? It means that we are dealing with a group of young men, writers and painters, without any passionate and unescapable connection with the matter they work in, the causes they promote. We observe the arbitrary insistence, whimsicality and easy freedom of their methods and conclusions. Their work carries no mark of fellowship, of danger or of that blind fire whose bright burning obscures any minor defects in craft or thinking. We have no sense of their being voices, but only echoes.

The issue in general, then, comes down to one of form and content, the process by which a piece of creation in art arises from its source in thought and feeling. In particular, the issue confronts the fact of how unlikely it must be that these workers at the New Playwrights' Theater can achieve any solid artistic creation from matter and causes so arbitrary and isolated as theirs become under their approach. So far as their relation goes to the great modern matter they essay, these plays to be seen in Cherry Lane are on a level with the costume play.

This is no place to discuss the talent of these playwrights. Certainly Mr. Dos Passos has talent and Mr. John Howard Lawson in "Roger Bloomer" and "Processional" had passages as exciting as American drama has reached so far. But we may mention talent because it connects with the power to entertain—which brings us to the next point about the New Playwrights. They have shown themselves time and again much too indifferent in the mere little matter of the audience' enjoying itself, one way or another. Too often at the New Playwrights' Theater you get the sense of being slapped in the face, of take it or leave it.

But the life of art is entertainment. There needs to be in it an infectious, ingratiating or consuming life that takes you, draws you on, fills you up with its own substance, delights you, or gives you that *lieto morire* that Leonardo speaks of—losing your life to find it. You may give off this light of entertainment by arranging your facets, surfaces, order and tone, as Molière did; or, as Shakespeare did in "Hamlet," by becoming, through the intensity of your inner fire, incandescent. It is not a question of whether you are serious or not—only an adolescent in years or culture could think that—it is a question of whether you have fellowship, glow, grace or power, tact in tone and craft, persuasive invention, and, finally, coquetry or supplication—are striving to please or are on your knees to life. These qualities become all the more important through the fact that in no other art is the relation between the individual artist, his ideas, impulses, his will to style on the one hand and on the other the work he creates, so pressing and immediate as in the theater. This ought to be obvious, but obviously has not been so in Cherry Lane.

There is a distinct point at which the good old commercial necessity to please, if you want to survive at all, would have been of great help to the New Playwrights.

When we come to Mr. Cummings' play, we have quite another matter. Theatrical or not, his talent is at least literary, it is poetic, and that makes all the difference. That implies an assurance that whether the ideas presented come alive completely in theatrical form or not, they are at least alive already as poetry. It would be nothing against "him," of course, if it had propaganda in it, so long as the playwright converts the propaganda into creation, like the sheep Epictetus holds up for an example in this business, who do not vomit up again what they eat as grass and leaves, but turn it into hides and wool. But what propaganda there is in "him" is propaganda for the poet's impulses, things in him that fight for breath, passions, theories and perversities and the beautiful, sharp freedom to see and feel his own way. The causes in this writing of Mr. Cummings, even at its worst, remain his own, converted by their lyricism from barrenness.

Mr. Cummings is in debt to the theater for its endurance of his lack of craft, of control, of regulation and taste. A part of that debt is already sadly paid, for the theater charges the bad scenes against the good. For these shortcomings he pays his price. That is, in a manner of speaking, his private loss, so much the worse for him, so far.

The theater is in Mr. Cummings' debt because he has enriched the texture of it, moved up the vibration of its speech, frightened, mocked and invigorated its sense of logic and order, and brought to it a wayward impertinence and happiness that is sorely needed.

This last quality—so apt an accompaniment of talent and so lacking in our serious theater, which runs to bourgeois heaviness and care, where imaginative excess, variety and hilarious invention and sudden poignancy would be right—is what Mr. Cummings could most helpfully exhibit to the New Playwrights. Their work needs of all things to take on the appearance of a joyous outlet, an outlet for the native pressure behind it, joyous because its origin is lyric and urgent.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Communism and the Coal Miners

SIR: Editorial excisions, made for reasons of space, in my article, "New Life in the Miners' Union?" which appeared in your issue of April 25, modified to some extent my statements regarding the extent of Communist influence in the present insurgent movement in the United Mine Workers. I should be grateful for space in which to correct this impression, in view of the fact that my corrections on proof did not reach you in time for publication.

I referred to the possibility that the new effort among the miners might "be brought under Workers' party domination, and become admittedly dualist in character." Such a shift has in fact occurred; the Communists have moved from fringe to center. The response to the strike call of April 16 was negligible —some 5,000, rather than the 15,000 claimed. The leadership has been weak. Brophy has offered his resignation as Chairman of the "Save the Union Committee," probably because Communist control forced him to the decision. His earlier hope that radical political support for a purely labor effort could be accepted and guided has faded. Watt, former Springfield, Illinois, sub-district officer, may take his place. While not now in the party, he is said to be on cordial terms with the Communist heads. It has been recognized that a number of the staff of the Committee and of the Pennsylvania-Ohio relief organization, as well as much of its financial backing, have been Communist. The movement has probably been dominated by the Left, potentially, from the start. Party discipline has presumably included a plan to use Brophy as a tool.

The situation has, of course, made it easy for Lewis to read

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the insurgents out of the union. Police repression will continue, now that there is no doubt as to the true character of the defection. It seems outrageous that there must be more violence now, merely to give propagandists of the class struggle their first slight foothold in American industry outside New York. A contingent of Eastern Communists has been imported to take the field, but their drive seems doomed to failure. The outlook for the miners is dark. It is regrettable that progressive labor leadership is not forthcoming to aid Lewis to channel the undoubted restlessness in the non-union areas in ways that would help prevent the wreck of the United Mine Workers.

FRANCIS TYSON.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Government and Business

SIR: I was greatly interested to read in the current issue of the New Republic your editorial on revising the anti-trust laws, and I feel that you are to be complimented for your recognition of the fact that "the issue is one which may play a prominent part in the 1928 campaign." I am advised by a number of Senators and Representatives at Washington that it is a subject upon which much emphasis will be laid in the near future.

I cannot refrain from commenting upon some of the statements in your editorial; I feel sure, however, that you will appreciate that whatever I may say is intended sincerely as constructive criticism, and is particularly an attempt to throw light on one significant phase of my anti-trust proposals which you perhaps overlooked.

An important point, which I have tried to stress, is that, for the first time in our history, it has become necessary to have some organization which would begin to lay out plans for industry. You did not, in your editorial, treat of my proposals to so change the make-up of the Federal Trade Commission as to give that body a personnel capable of guiding and directing industry "toward a better integrated economic order."

While I fully agree with you that "the trouble with competition is that it involves the lack of intelligent planning," and that the present form of supervision in amendments to the anti-trust laws may prove decidedly more hurtful than beneficial, I am equally convinced that the key to the problem lies in the government body. My plan proposes that the new Federal Trade Commission consist of eleven members—two members to be representative of labor, two of industry, two of banking and finance, two of political economy, and three to be representative of the public as a whole. Under such a group of specialists, whose knowledge of production, distribution and overhead costs would equal that of the individual companies under their supervision, it would be extremely difficult for a dishonest manufacturer to get very far in the "padding of investment accounts and the swelling of expense accounts" to a point where "almost any profit could be made to look like the permitted 8 percent." In the ability of such a commission to give proper regulation to industrial combinations the public could truly place its unqualified confidence.

Even though I agree with you that in fixing the return on the investment in public utilities and railroads there has been, and is, considerable difficulty in determining what is a fair valuation of the properties, nevertheless the public has received great benefits under such a system of regulation, imperfect though it may be. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the New York Central Railroad, and others, are evidence of the fact that we are very much blessed with a superior type of service—superior to that of most countries. It is perfectly true that our carriers and our public utilities are not yet perfect, but we are certainly far in advance of the rest of the world. It must also be remembered that our whole industrial civilization is still very young. Changes and improvements in industry are being made which are more and more in the public interest. I believe that if some yardstick were given industry and the public as to an approximate limit of profits, such a law would have a salutary effect upon our commerce and would help considerably in its further development, even if difficult to work out beyond the decimal point.

When you say in your article that "some policy is evidently necessary which shall visualize a sufficient alternative to competition as a protection of the public," I believe that my suggestions carry an idea as to the policy which you indicate is necessary.

May I not take issue with your statement that my proposal would open the door to more private monopolies which, in time, might be hurtful to the public interest? The very idea of permitting the extension of monopoly in the public interest is to cut down a great deal of the waste and to eliminate the "planlessness" of which you speak.

When you say "Exemptions to the anti-trust laws should be made in industry as the need becomes manifest, and as sufficient control can be devised and put into operation," I respectfully suggest that that is exactly what the new Federal Trade Commission would be in a position to do. It would only permit combinations in those industries which needed it, and would watch existing combinations so that they would continue to serve the public interest. Such a Federal Trade Commission as I outlined would be in position to make a study of each industry, and thus come to discover those "major policies which a unified control ought to execute."

If you wish for "creative social control," a beginning must be made, and I believe that the Federal Trade Commission which I propose, given such amendments to the anti-trust laws as are included in my list of proposals, would bring about that condition. But you must remember that changes in industry must be made as general progress is made.

BENJAMIN JAVITS.

New York City.

Senator Walsh's Candidacy

SIR: In your issue of April 11 you repeat editorially the statement now being made in quarters favorable to another candidate that "Senator Walsh . . . is allowing himself to be used as a stalking-horse by the McAdoo drys." Senator Walsh himself has already replied to this charge, which by implication casts doubt on the good faith of his candidacy. That the charge should be made is an illustration of the confusion which is apt to characterize political thinking. Certainly there would seem to be no more promising way to bring about the much needed elevation in the tone of our political life than to entrust the national leadership of a party to statesmen who have proved their right to lead by the part they have played in the national political arena. In the last eight years no member of the national government belonging to either party has performed public service of higher distinction or greater value than Senator Walsh. No Democrat in national office has equalled his record of accomplishment in furthering the party's best traditions. Do not these services confer the best of all possible titles to be a candidate? Is the candidacy of the man who has performed them so unthinkable that it must be explained by regarding him as a "stalking-horse"? There is another element of confusion in the charge. Granting that Senator Walsh's candidacy represents opposition to another candidate for the nomination, does this mean necessarily, as seems to be implied, that such opposition cannot be made in good faith? Throughout his public career Senator Walsh has stood consistently for certain policies and principles as representing his Democratic faith. These policies and principles have always encountered opposition, and sometimes bitter opposition, from certain elements and interests within the party. Is there anything remarkable or unseemly in his willingness to contest the nomination with another candidate who, whatever his great merits, has always been aligned with, and is now, as in the past, enthusiastically supported by, those elements in the party against which Senator Walsh, like other progressive Democrats, has contended for more than twenty years? Must a candidate be regarded as a stalking-horse because he is willing to appeal to his party to accept his leadership on the basis of his principles, and does not bow to the opinion of professional politicians that another candidate, aligned with groups which have always followed different principles, has a better chance to win? The New Republic is doing splendid serv-

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ice in insisting that candidates should make their appeal on the basis of their attitude toward the pressing political issues before the country; and of all the candidates in the field, Senator Walsh, true to his record, is the only one who, from the outset, has had the courage to take this course.

JOHN DICKINSON.

Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.

[Mr. Dickinson wrote his letter before Senator Walsh withdrew from the race for the Democratic nomination.—THE EDITORS.]

Can Conflict Be Abolished?

SIR: "Do not stop with symptoms. Go through to the causes. Then remove them." So seductive is this generalization that I think Mr. Tugwell was affected by it when he proposed (in "The Paradox of Peace," the New Republic for April 18) to abolish war by abolishing conflict, which is the undoubted cause of war. But, then, sex is the undoubted cause of fearful evils—and who would abolish sex?

Mr. Tugwell, it is true, claims concrete proof that, despite the size and complexity of the world, conflict *can* be abolished, and he refers to the efforts of the War bureaus to direct private initiative to the winning of the War. He *assumes* that the method was to abolish internal competition, and then pronounces that it worked well. Measured by its purpose, it did work well, its purpose being to defeat the appetite for "business as usual" and so win the War. But, measured economically, the echoes of its waste and inefficiency are still reverberating in Congress.

Nor was conflict so much abolished as diverted. For never did big business more shamelessly conflict with big business in the labor market, every employer almost stealing his men from every other employer, for private gain, and the men, for private gain, becoming positively demoralized in their scramblings from one shop to another. As to the perennial conflict between capital and labor, a splendid young economist, Carleton Parker, was killed by it. In the service of the War bureaus, he lost his life through overwork, trying to settle the labor troubles that broke out like forest fires at every corner of the land.

But after all, the real test is this: Did the courts close their doors?

After such slender proof that competition was abolished, Mr. Tugwell attacks the only other alternative to war—namely, arbitrament. Here, for proof, he offers the sheer abstraction that "force used by a third party" is almost as bad as force used by the original contestants. He does not examine the concrete proof against him. It is no slender proof—the courts whose doors stayed open. These spell all the difference between the anarchistic conflict of the frontier and the orderly conflict of the shady street. Surely there must be some correlation between our daily peace and the thousands of judges who sit up thousands of nights writing millions of words in order to settle thousands of intricate conflicts by votes of five to four.

Mr. Tugwell seems not altogether unwilling to tolerate arbitrament as an interim expedient. But how big must be the interim when the very economists who exploded the theory, "business as usual," have not thereby been converted to the theory of an uncompetitive world?

HERBERT W. FISHER.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Hungary and Peace

SIR: I would not abuse the hospitality of the New Republic with my polemics in the case of Mr. Emery Deri, but, as the Hungarian situation is the key for all the Danube problems and, consequently, for the peace of Central Europe, I cannot leave unanswered some remarks of my opponent which have obscured certain important issues. In order to save your space, I shall give my answer in an almost telegraphic style.

1. Mr. Deri declines to discuss the internal policy of Hungary. Now it is the most elementary rule for the study of an international situation that, without a knowledge of the internal conditions of the respective countries, all criticisms of the foreign policy of these countries is perfectly useless and valueless.

2. For the preparation of a future war under the present-day conditions, three things are necessary: the establishment of solid *cadres,* the fomenting of a war-ideology, and the closing of war alliances. A system of compulsory military training and the extensive network of the so-called *Levente*-organizations serve the first of these requirements, the spirit of nationalistic jingoism in the whole field of public education, the second, and an alliance with Signor Mussolini, the third. Even the most casual foreign observer knows the truth, disregarded by Mr. Deri, that the present system in Hungary represents the most pathological case of a warlike nationalism. In a recent publication, the leading educational authorities of Hungary ridiculed the western peace endeavors, and emphasized the absolute necessity of a moral and intellectual preparation for the coming war. If Mr. Deri does not know this most representative volume, I can submit it for his study.

3. If Mr. Deri would be inclined to look into the socialistic press of Vienna and Paris, he would discover that the incident of St. Gothard was detected by the vigilance and care of the public opinion of the workers.

4. Almost all the responsible factors of German public opinion have already expressed their categoric desire for the *Anschluss,* which is only opposed by the old Hapsburgist gang.

5. Mr. Deri speaks of the peaceful influence of the Hungarian peasantry represented in Parliament. But even the better type of foreign observers know perfectly well that the real Hungarian peasantry was ousted from Parliament by the reintroduction of public voting and the corrupt electoral machine of Count Bethlen. The force of feudalism is practically unchecked in the national assembly of Budapest. The few peasants sitting there are practically the instruments and figure-heads of the magnates. Therefore, the foreign policy of Hungary is exclusively dominated by the war ideology of the feudal and military circles.

6. As to the role of Az Est, Mr. Deri speaks of the powerful support which the pacifistic policy of Count Karolyi has enjoyed through this widely spread journal. Therefore, my judgment against this pacifistic paper is based on personal animosity. I think the best way to settle this controversy would be for Mr. Deri or the New Republic to ask Count Karolyi directly what he thinks about the pacifistic policy and civic probity of this excellent paper before, during, and after the War.

My final conclusion from the whole situation is not a glorification of the Little Entente, as Mr. Deri insinuates, but the conviction that the present lamentable situation in Central Europe cannot be cured by the military and diplomatic leadership of the Fascist dictator, but only by a complete democratization of Central Europe. The most essential step in this direction is the elimination of feudalism and Hapsburg monarchism in Hungary.

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The New REPUBLIC

Late Spring Book Section

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Robinson Jeffers

The Tragedy of a Modern Mystic

AFTER twenty years of preparation and writing in obscurity, Robinson Jeffers has published in swift succession three volumes of poetry of such intensity, passion, and scope of thought that American readers have not yet been able to assimilate them, nor even to realize with any precision their intent. His fellow poets have praised the demonic music of his lines; the public in general has been baffled, or revolted, by his apparent themes. And both poets and public have found his meaning obscure. For behind Jeffers' tales of incest and the supernatural is a mind, that for years has been intent on certain problems ordinarily remote from his readers' thoughts. When grasped, however, they are found not to be remote from his readers' lives. "Tamar," "Roan Stallion," and "The Women at Point Sur," are an attempt to deal with these problems. Though the poems are unusually complex, the source of them all is unified and simple.

The ultimate questions that living provokes in any man's mind can be asked in the words of a child: yet no one has ever answered them to the satisfaction of others. It may be that the answers can only be lived and not said. But certainly no man, however trivial his preoccupations, is wholly free of the craving for truth. The wise man, unhappily, has learned that this hunger after truth is no assurance that he will be fed; but his hunger remains. He goes through life like Socrates, in ignorance of who he is or why he lives, but knowing at the same time that his manner of living will depend on the answers he may give to these questions. The man whose hunger is less intense, finding it impossible to possess truth, usually resolves to ignore such questions and look for distraction in other things. But in reality he cannot succeed in ignoring them. For discovering eventually that other things, in his ignorance as to why he is doing them, are meaningless, he falls back on some unexamined framework for his life, according to the degree of his sophistication: one man adopts a rule of thumb, which he calls a practical code of living; another embraces an art or a religion; another is more subtle and admits his ignorance intellectually, but persuades himself that, since he has admitted it, it no longer concerns him personally. Any one of these means will set him temporarily at peace and leave him free to distract himself with other things. And in general the progress of civilization can be called an elaboration of distractions.

But occasionally there is a man who, like Jeffers, refuses to be distracted. And contrary to the popular conception, one of the ways by which we recognize greatness in a man is not that he holds right conclusions on matters so special that the rest of us need not deal with them, but that he rejects the easy conclusions on matters that every man must deal with in his own life. What appears to most of us

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as that rare and exclusive field where physicists and mystics meet, is in fact the common ground of all those who suffer birth and death. And the occasional man who realizes both that he is ignorant and that the values he assigns to his distractions are at the mercy of his ignorance, can no longer escape tragedy. This tragic realization has lifted some men into sages or major poets, and driven others insane.

In English literature we have the record of this struggle in Blake and Whitman. Both started from the same passionate, mystic need to understand life as a whole. Blake, meeting the inevitable defeat, found peace in a newly-constructed world of his own imagination; Whitman, succumbing more easily, identified himself with an imaginary humanity of the future. After Whitman, the passion waned. The poets who have abounded in America since 1912 have contented themselves with versifying the pains and joys that man encounters in his search for distractions. But now, into these constellations of lyrists and dramatists, Robinson Jeffers swims like a steaming sun: a dark sun, it is true, giving out no light and consuming itself in its own heat. Yet because of the magnitude of his effort, he must be reckoned with as no mere minor poet. If not, as yet, a major poet, he has at least dared to risk his sanity in considering those things of which a major poet sings. While others are more or less decoratively cultivating the human garden, Jeffers is struggling in an agony to smelt down time, space and God himself inside one fiery skull; though failing tragically to extract a single ray of the pure perception that he craves. From a tower on the Pacific coast he listens to the soughing of the tides and watches remote stars drop into space, not with intellectual curiosity nor the writer's search for metaphors, but with the personal conviction that these tides and stars share the same life with himself and that he is ignorant of its meaning. He belongs, with differences, in the company of Blake and Whitman. But more unhappy than either, he cannot be satisfied with a dream or a vision. "Certainly it is hopeless," he writes, "no man, down all the blind millenniums, has known anything, no, not a scrap, not a dust grain." It is his human avowal of ignorance and his need to understand that give dignity to his passion.

But Jeffers finds, like other men before him, that although it is human to seek truth, it is his very humanity that prevents him from attaining it. Looking down in imagination from remote stars, through the shuttling of time and space, he sees mankind as trivial and perhaps useless. Yet he cannot live with his imagination. He is a prisoner in humanity and doomed to its ignorance. He realizes that the perception of any truth is possible only to the disinterested; and that in his view of life, man's attachment to his own joys and sorrows makes him always an interested participant. Consequently this attachment has become for Jeffers not merely trivial, as his imagination showed it to him, but terrible, in the light of his own need. And the search for some means to break through it, to "slit eyes in the mask of humanity," is implicit in all his poetry. A reader who does not recognize this situation as the first act in any drama of the aspiration of the mind will find Jeffers' poems unintelligible, and in all likelihood will dismiss them as neurotic ravings. The difficulty is increased by the fact that Jeffers, like Blake, has invented a language of his own. And the reader who is unaware that, in these vivid and cruel tales of incest, murder, and ghosts, he is moving in a world of symbols, will carry away an impression merely of morbid concern with pathological states or of an outrageous savagery toward human passions. For the very delights of humanity, that for most men are the incense of life, Jeffers finds a smoke in his eyes, obscuring and concealing from him the other than human life that must, he feels, pervade suns and human brains and atoms alike.

The profound sensation of this ignorance and the thought that there may be nothing behind it to understand are for Jeffers the "last bitter enlightenment that buys peace": the knowledge that he is compelled to suffer consciousness in a universe that has no meaning or value for him. Fools live on in the illusion of their distractions, leaving him ashamed to speak of them. For the strong he sees no hope but to "lean upon death as on a rock." Thus he has become that tragic contradiction, a prophet who offers not illumination, but annihilation. A life that uses him for unknown and unknowable purposes fills him with fear. The only sweet song left to him is the memory of peace and silence in "the womb and the egg." He is a mystic who embraces God not with love but with despair.

This longing for oblivion, about which Jeffers has written his only tender lines, is in fact an evidence of its opposite. Men for whom the white light of the unattainable is less intense sink into oblivion with regret. But Jeffers seeks oblivion as a relief from a destiny that appears inescapable and yet beyond his powers. He is amazed at the indifference of men about him to the nature of this destiny. Even "the oyster wonders whether his element's conscious," he exclaims. But "you choose to ignore consciousness: incredible how quickly the American mind short-circuits by ignoring its object." It is the source of Jeffers' strength and his terror that he has not been able to buy peace by short-circuiting. He has known the pressure of consciousness, like an imprisoned gas, straining to expand into a field of freer activity. But, finding no means of achieving this, he has felt the strain grow unendurable, and aches to be released entirely: to sink into nothingness where there is no effort. In this mood he sings defeated, but noble, hymns to annihilation—to the peace of unconsciousness.

> Over the dark mountain, over the dark pinewood,
> Down the long dark valley along the shrunken river,
> Returns the splendor without rays, the shining of shadow,
> Peace bringer, the matrix of all shining and quieter of shining.
> Where the shore widens on the bay she opens dark wings
> And the ocean accepts her glory. O soul worshipful of her
> You like the ocean have grave depths where she dwells always,
> And the film of waves above that takes the sun takes also
> Her, with more love. The sun-lovers have a blond favorite,
> A father of lights and noises, wars, weeping and laughter,
> Hot labor, lust and delight and the other blemishes. Quietness
> Flows from her deeper fountain; and he will die; and she is immortal.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> The primal and the latter silences: dear Night it is memory
> Prophecies, prophecy that remembers, the charm of the dark.

With the same yearning he envies all things that appear to sleep without aspiration: deep rock, the beds of oceans, the shoulders of mountains. The contemplation

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of these things brings him momentary peace. The inorganic world is at rest in the quiet of matter. The other than human world, the universe of forces, moves freed from the weight of matter. It is the unhappy lot of man alone that he is neither stable nor free: stifled in matter, he can do no more than dream of freedom. The great mystics of the past, who found in this both a recollection and a promise, made it their dream of bliss. To Jeffers, who finds it only a mockery, it has become a nightmare. Yet being a mystic at heart, he is aware that the shining of consciousness is from a sun that cannot be extinguished at his wish. Those beings who find themselves, without their consent, parts of the one Being, must "want actively," he writes bitterly, "even if wanting *nothing.*" And in the final pages of "The Women at Point Sur" he says:

> Annihilation's impossible, the dead have none. . . .
> . . . the unborn have none.

So the yearning for peace serves only to throw into relief the deeper craving to grasp all life, to "be all things in all time, in their returns and passages." This, of course, has always been the traditional goal of the mystics, regarded by themselves as the normal fulfillment of life, and by their rational neighbors as a fancy of diseased minds. But the path to this disinterested sharing in life is blocked at the first step by man's attachment to his own pain and pleasure. Many disciplines have been invented in the past to overcome this: promising, by freeing man from both desire and aversion, to make possible the perception of truth. Jeffers rejects the traditional disciplines. But he is at one with those who formulated them in believing, in spite of his assertion that it is hopeless, that the individual can free himself within the mind; and that this cannot be done so long as he can be shaken by pleasure and pain. Or, as has been said elsewhere: "Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears." In all of his longer poems Jeffers has represented attachment under the symbol of incest. Readers who have taken him literally have supposed him concerned with the personal tragedies of his characters. But he has made his meaning clear in one of his shorter poems, in which he reviews the history of the human race and addresses himself thus to all men:

> You have walked in a dream, consumed with your
> fathers and your mothers, you have loved
> Inside the four walls of humanity; passions turned
> inward, incestuous desires and a fighting against
> ghosts.

The same interpretation of his symbol is given by Orestes to Electra at the end of "The Tower Beyond Tragedy." His characters destroy themselves and are destroyed by each other because the arc of their love has not reached beyond the human family. But the characters themselves are symbols, in Jeffers' mind, of our civilization, which is growing progressively involved in the satisfaction of its wants. "Powers increase," he writes, "and power perishes." Because of his apparent concern with incest, he has been mistakenly compared with the Greek dramatists, who used it as a situation of human fate. Jeffers uses it as a symbol of the failure to achieve a non-human fate. In his eyes our entire race is living, psychologically, in incest. Man must, he says repeatedly, learn to "fall in love outward." He is not, in fact, in the line of the Greeks, but in that of the older, mystic writers of India, who grappled with the same theme. But there is a profound difference between their affirmation and his terror.

It is already an indication of the scope of Jeffers' thought that the quality of his mood can be best realized by contrasting his utterances with those of some of the ancient writers who dealt with the same subject. If we read the translations of certain of the early Buddhist writers in the Pali texts, we find that they also taught that man must fall in love outward. But the consummation they promised was not the peace of extinction: it was the bliss of the Unconditioned. And it was to be reached through the perception of truth by the Mind. Similarly, in the Bhagavad Gita, the words of Krishna to Arjuna burn with the same passion to break through the net of pain-pleasure and time. But the aspiration is lighted by a mind in harmony with it. The way to the heart's desire is through the path of wisdom. "He whose heart is unattached," said Krishna, "experienceth that joy which liveth in the soul. . . . That man . . . is luminous within." This is the voice of a mysticism that, whether it led to truth or illusion, found a place for both the mind and the heart in pursuit of a goal beyond either. And the goal was not to be reached by a retreat from humanity to the silence of the egg and the womb. These writers pictured falling in love outward not as a step from existence to non-existence, but from existence to life. And in this step humanity was not to be denied but employed.

But Jeffers sees no help in thought: the mind is a breeder of delusions. Where the Hindu writer found a blissful enlightenment in the knowledge that he was destined to share in the meaning of life, Jeffers finds a bitter enlightenment in the thought that there is no meaning that concerns him. If Krishna seemed mad, it was because, in his counselling, human existence appeared at once insignificant and important; his madness was a more comprehensive sanity. In Jeffers, the heart of an ancient mystic wars with the mind of a contemporary, psychoanalytical rationalist. While he is feeling that annihilation is impossible, he is thinking that life is unattainable. The result is despair and disgust at finding himself human. He turns on both the mind and emotions, hoping to free himself by outraging them. But it is an ancient truth that the attachment of aversion is as fast as that of desire.

In a passage in "Roan Stallion," which has been frequently quoted, Jeffers begins thus:

> Humanity is the
> start of the race; I say
> Humanity is the mold to break away from, the crust
> to break through, the coal to break into fire,
> The atom to be split.

So far he is speaking out of the mouth of Krishna. But Jeffers goes on to indicate his conception of the means. It is: "tragedy that breaks man's face . . . vision that fools him out of his limits, unnatural crime, inhuman science . . . wild loves that leap over the walls of nature . . . useless intelligence . . . dim knowledge of the spinning demons that make an atom. These break, these pierce, these deify, praising their God shrilly with fierce voices." These are the things that are to "slit eyes in the mask of humanity." If the reader examines the style of this passage and realizes the significance of its key words—fools, wild, useless, demons, shrilly—he will be closer to Jeffers' intent than any statement in prose can bring him. In his recoil from the human Jeffers finds no terms for the non-human but those of the inhuman: he is still within the cage.

Unnatural crime, wild loves, and inhuman (not non-human) science may be converted into a means of destroying human ties; but they are also the storms of the psyche,

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that bring intermittent relief from the burden of consciousness. They are precious to Jeffers because they give for a moment the taste of annihilation. In the Prelude to "The Women at Point Sur," he writes:

> Always the strain, the straining flesh, who feels what God feels
> Knows the straining flesh, the aching desires,
> The enormous water straining its bounds, the electric
> Strain in the clouds. . . .
>
> Oh, in storm: storm's kind, kind violence,
> When the swollen cloud ached—suddenly
> Her charge and agony condensed, slip. . . .
>
> rain falls globed
> From the released blackness high up in air
> Ringing like a bell for deliverance.

An understanding of this passage will lead one inevitably to the literary forms that Jeffers has chosen for the expression of his ideas. As the longing for silence demands hymns, the craving for relief in violence demands tragic narratives and dramas. And in fact the two aspects of Jeffers' central idea have found expression in psalms to the peace of the dark—sometimes printed as separate poems and sometimes embedded in his long narratives—and in the tempestuous stories of Orestes and Dr. Barclay, of California (the name of a character in "Roan Stallion") and Tamar. It is not by accident that these figures move in scenes of lightning, earthquakes, storms, and fire, nor that their world ends in waves tattered by granite. They live in the region of kind violence, where the will may seem to find forgetfulness. . . .

In his two most carefully elaborated poems, "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" and "The Women at Point Sur," Jeffers has traced the opposite effects that may flow from the same idea. "The Women at Point Sur" is a pendant to "The Tower Beyond Tragedy," or a turning of the theme inside out. And although both appear superficially to be dramas of unbridled lusts, both are written as the harshest of moralities. The title of "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" defines Jeffers' purpose clearly. Orestes in that poem is represented—unconvincingly, it is true—as breaking the net of pain-pleasure and soaring "like a freed falcon" to "the motionless and timeless center," from which human relationships and human tragedy are imperceptible. In "The Women at Point Sur" an intuition of the same idea enters Dr. Barclay's mind. But instead of freedom it brings him insanity, and in his insanity his repressed incestuous desires take control of him. Jeffers is saying that the truth is double-edged and dangerous. Orestes watched the incestuous dream of men:

> . . . each one of the lost people
> Sought the eyes of another that another should praise him; sought never his own but another's; the net of desire
> Had every nerve drawn to the center, so that they writhed like a full draught of fishes, all matted
> In the one mesh; when they look backward they see only a man standing at the beginning,
> Or forward, a man at the end; or if upward, men in the shining bitter sky striding and feasting,
> Whom you call gods. . . .

But Orestes did not share the dream: he won freedom by killing his mother. Dr. Barclay shared it, and instead of killing his daughter in his own heart, built up a gigantic delusion to excuse his incest. It is Jeffers' warning to all those who may attempt to play Orestes' role without Orestes' strength.

The key to Jeffers' failure to convince us that Orestes won his freedom can be found in his style. The literary forms he has chosen demand the voice of the prophet. Not only strength is necessary to any who would be Orestes, but knowledge that is both human and non-human. Equipped with this knowledge, the prophet speaks from beyond desire and aversion. But Orestes, at the moment of announcing his success to Electra, is still goaded by his "sick visions" of humanity. In the trilogy of Æschylus, Orestes reasoned with the gods, who were the spokesmen of divine intelligence; Jeffers' Orestes does not hope to find divinity intelligible, and he defies the gods. Instead of stepping out of humanity, he inverts it and discovers inhumanity. This desperation translates itself, in Jeffers' style, into a feverish emphasis that makes a short passage striking but, in a long poem, ends by creating an undertone of hysteria. Jeffers has not yet conceived a fable that will carry his love "outward."

But in the intensity of his struggle with the unattainable he has produced lines at a pitch unequalled in America at present. Jeffers seizes words by the throat and shakes them until they tremble with his passion. His lines are long, nervous, and restive, like the stallion he likes to describe. Even in the description of morbid states, his narrative usually remains clear and sweeping. He can evoke a setting and its accompanying mood, for example, with the sureness of the following:

> . . . After the child slept, after the leopard-footed evening
> Had glided oceanward, California turned the lamp to its least flame and glided from the house.
> She moved sighing, like a loose fire, backward and forward on the smooth ground by the door.
> She heard the night-wind that draws down the valley like the draught in a flue under clear weather
> Whisper and toss in the tall redwoods; she heard the tinkle of the April brook deep in its hollow.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> It was like daylight
> Outdoors and she hastened without faltering down the foot-path, through the dark fringes of twisted oak-brush,
> To the open place in a bay of the hill. The dark strength of the stallion had heard her coming; she heard him
> Blow the shining air out of his nostrils, she saw him in the white lake of moonlight
> Move like a lion along the timbers of the fence, Shaking the nightfall of the great mane.

The power behind such lines is unique to Jeffers. But even while submitting to its influence, one realizes that it stops short of that ecstasy that creates new life by its simple presence. There are gleams of profound, mystic intuition in his works, but broken up in a rationalistic negation. His purest poetry—that solid kernel that will prove most enduring when the shell of his more ambitious prophecies has begun to echo a little thinly—is to be found in his hymns to the peace of unconsciousness. These passages, such as the one quoted above, "over the dark mountain, over the dark pinewood," filled with human yearning and weariness and tenderness, are written with such a subtlety of rhythm and harmony of verbal music that, once read, they become a part of one's life and can be reread with increasing delight. In the more intellectual attempts to expound his thought, his long lines sometimes grow

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rhetorical and his dramas melodramatic. His vision of humanity is, after all, closer to that of St. Anthony in his cell than to that of Krishna. The divine madness of the mystic has come down to him without the divine sanity. It is not unnatural that his denial should be at the same time an affirmation; but it is his tragedy that his affirmation is itself a denial. In this respect, Jeffers voices the anguish of many minds of today.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

And the Green Grass Grows All Round

Mind and Body, by Hans Driesch. New York: The Dial Press. 188 pages. $3.

THERE are types of "problems" which trail off into the infinite void simply by their solutions. Each solution consists in removing the seat of the difficulty another degree to the rear. As the rearward stretch of anything is endless, the prospect for philosophers is ever bright. The relation between mind and body is a "problem" with such an endless rearward stretch. Time was when these relations were taken for granted and accepted as properly a part of nature as the sun and the other stars and the love which moves them. That was the time when the intelligentsia believed that their souls were not less substantial than their bodies, and that their souls lived in their bodies and worked in them and on them, as people live and work in houses. That time is past. It began to pass when the precise and detailed knowledge of how bodies are built and how they run began to arrive. In the light of this knowledge the mind began to lose potency in the life of the man. Cognoscenti almost instantly recognized that it need be no more than a fifth wheel to the little clay cart of conduct, and from an actor it was demoted into a spectator of the show of life.

This demotion constitutes the theory of psycho-physical parallelism, and this theory has been the logical premise of most of what has taken place in the laboratories under the name of experimental psychology. The theory presumes that action and efficacy are exclusively traits of the body operating according to physiological laws, but that with every event in the body there goes a mental event strictly parallel to it, like a reflection in a mirror, which envisages but makes no difference to it. This view in its extreme form is called epiphenomenalism; Huxley and Santayana are among its distinguished proponents. It implies, among other things, the dissolution of the substantial soul into a stream of consciousness. It is the first form of the "psychology without a soul." Behaviorism is both its logical and dramatic terminus, for once the mind has been reduced from actor to spectator, its presence as a postulate in the psychological laboratory is a pure impediment to experimentation. This is why most laboratory psychology has been so barren; this is why it has been fruitful only where it treated measurable and controllable responses in habit formation and learning, and has emerged finally in the mechanistic hypotheses of the behaviorists. Psychology without a soul has thus become the study and measurement of the activities of a living body sensitive to a variable environment. Its unit is "the conditioned reflex," and nothing exists under the name of "mind" or "consciousness" which is not reducible to such a reflex.

The superficial antithesis to this psychology without a soul is psychology without a body. This psychology is implied by all idealistic philosophies, but it appears in modern dress in the various brands of psychoanalysis, which presume complete systems of mind without any reference to the body. Not that the body is ignored. On the contrary, it is an inescapable datum of therapy; but it is not required in explanation. The paradox of the current forms of psychology without a body is that they are mechanistic and determinist without being material.

Between the psychology without a body and the behaviorist psychology without a soul, the psychology of the vitalist takes its stand. The vitalist is concerned with one or another of the great compensatory ideals of the philosophic tradition—especially with the reality of spirit, its superiority to matter, its immortality. This concern has led him to a study of living matter, and to the identification in its structure and activities of properties, functions and relations that cannot be reduced to the matter and motion of biochemistry or biophysics. The identification is made in one way by MacDougall, in another by Bergson, in a third by Driesch. But however it is made, it restores the dualism of soul and body, refutes psycho-physical parallelism and reëstablishes, in the setting of modern science and its methods, the older view of the soul as being somehow an immaterial agency or substance interacting with its material body.

Such a reëstablishment is the purpose of this book of Hans Driesch's, "Mind and Body." It was first published in 1916 in Germany. There have been three editions of it in German; the present translation is from the third German edition, and modified and revised for the purpose of the translation by this dean of the vitalists himself. So far as I can make out, the argument is dialectical and does not add anything to the standard repertory of vitalism, which Driesch himself has done so much to build up; nor is it in any way an improvement on Driesch's earlier statements. It declares that inasmuch as "the mental" is always a complex, diversified, manifold, there can be no correspondence between it, item for item, and "the physical" which is always simple and made up of a few components. Moreover, the living body has a unity, is characterized by a type of behavior which cannot be understood without heredity and embryonic development, a type involving purposive movements governed by an entelechy or psychoid. "Entelechy" and "psychoid" are words used to designate the purposive unity of form and behavior which mechanistic biology is declared not to explain. These are "non-mechanical natural processes and things." They are "the mind" operating in the natural world of physics and chemistry. Without reference to this natural world, the mind "is like an unconscious, imperceivable, and intangible organism, with its own immanent law of activity. It is conserver and orderer." As such it may be said to be parallel with whatever it conserves and orders—*i. e.:* its living body and its immediate experience. But "mechanical parallelization" is impossible. . . .

Which may be so. I, for one, am not, however, convinced. The whole issue of psycho-physical parallelism and the arguments it has given rise to remind me of a chanty we used to sing when I was a boy:

> Upon a little farm, there was a little field,
> On the little field, there was a little tree,
> On the little tree there was a little branch,
> On the little branch there was a little bird,
> On the little bird there was a little flea,
> The flea on the bird, the bird on the branch, the branch on the tree, the tree in the field, the field in the farm.
> And the green grass grew all round!

H. M. KALLEN.

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Notes on Stephen Crane

The Definitive Edition of the Work of Stephen Crane, Edited by Wilson Follett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Twelve vols. $90.

THE American Dozen—no matter how you choose the team of writers, Crane is one of them. Squabble over the eleven other All-Americans, write down Poe and scratch him out, accept Mark Twain, and William James and Abraham Lincoln, be ruthless with Longfellow, and doubtful about Bierce and Howells, but you will have to keep Stephen Crane. Others are greater, many others are easier to read, several who are less good wrote much more that is almost good enough, but "The Open Boat," if he had written nothing else, would be a sufficient ticket to fame.

A fame, by the way, which was smoldering low and almost in danger of temporary extinction until the rescuing bellows were pointed at it, not so very long ago. The first two decades of our century didn't know about him: his reputation was underground, kept alive by a few ardent admirers. Today he has come into his own, to a rather limited degree; a handful of critics have passed his immortality around among each other, but this has not resulted in his being read widely by intelligent people. He is a writer's writer now, and I rather think he always will be.

When Mr. Knopf published Mr. Wilson Follett's twelve-volume edition of "The Work of Stephen Crane" two or three years ago, each volume launched by a preface from Joseph Hergesheimer, or Willa Cather, or Sherwood Anderson, or Carl Van Doren, or William Lyon Phelps, it seemed to me that, once again, a writer had been snowed under the whole of his work, and that Crane would have had reason to be grateful for a briefer selection. By no means all of him is good reading or even good writing; by no means all of him or of anybody else can be printed alongside the best of him without somehow subtracting from it. "The Open Boat," of course, and the poems, and a number of the short stories, cannot be touched, but as his faults constantly reappear in the lesser works, we find ourselves paying more attention to them than we would if the volumes were fewer.

I do not propose to make a panegyric upon Stephen Crane. That has already been done. He doesn't need any more adjectives in support of his candidacy for the American Dozen. "Disturbing" and "exciting" and "challenging" and "rebellious" and "honest" and "gentle" and "unafraid" and "beautiful" and "satisfying"—he has earned them all; they lie heaped about his literary monument like some perpetual memorial day.

Equally obvious is the other side of the ledger, though less has been said about it. The best of him is so little, and so very much better than nine-tenths of what he wrote, that we think of him as a man who only a few times found the key that would unlock his gifts.

While the solemn golden gift lay hidden away, revealed now and then in a brief flash, a melancholy, majestic gleam, what a lot of queer thin stuff came pouring out of his inkbottle. Groping, stationary stuff, mild narratives halted continually by static description, curiously hollow attempts at brightness and frivolity, ghastly skirmishes with the eternal Skull, brooding observation of the long shadow of death as it grows longer over the world, smiles that are February sunshine, chilling and too early; defeated ironies, buried up to the hilt in the dark ground; wrynesses, and drops of acid, and little sand patches of desert words, words, words . . .

A lot of it is hack-writing of one sort or another, and this it is only fair to pass by completely. In the rest of his sincerer but still mediocre writing one notices a sardonic thread, now and then interrupted, but running fairly steadily throughout. It is a sign of the preoccupation of a sensitive man who feels that the right things of this world are on the losing side. And yet, as with Ambrose Bierce, of whom Crane quite often reminds you, there is, beside the passion for kindness and peace, a kind of fascinated spell which cruelty and horror held over him.

It doesn't seem to be a direct spell. This oblique quality, together with a curious remoteness—a distance from what he is writing about, so definite that it could almost be measured—and a reliance upon his own imagination which gives everything he does the accent of unreality, seem to me to be at the root of most of Crane's weaknesses, and of his strength as well.

To elaborate this: Crane does not appear to have been a good reporter. The newspapers which made a war correspondent out of the author of "The Red Badge of Courage" were disappointed. He was not glib enough, for one point, and he did not have the newspaper flair for picking out the important thing and shoving it across, regardless of what conscience mutters about the proportions of events as they really happened. But this is not all: he stood still in the midst of events; he strayed among them, picking out what caught his own eye and his own slow, deep-welling imagination. With a few notable exceptions, you will find this brooding, static contemplation in his stories as well as in his war episodes. He is really much less a narrator than a painter. By narration I don't mean the mere brisk knack of progress forward to be found in any of the popular fiction magazines, but the inevitable, steady flow in some direction or other that means life to a story about human beings.

I have the very distinct feeling about Crane that he was fundamentally a literary painter, calling upon living things to arrest their action long enough for him to fasten the colors and the gestures firmly in his memory. The tempo of the slow-motion movie with its tortured grace finds an exact counterpart in much of what he wrote. From each moment, one hears Crane saying to himself, I must distill all there is in it, of each pose of human beings in motion and action I must draw a full and satisfying picture.

The hanging of these pictures one after another in a long gallery sometimes adds up to a magnificent unity; more often it calls attention to the fact that other arts than verbal painting are necessary to the worker in words.

For landscape, the briefest and subtlest moods of it, his talent was solid, poetic, and exact; in the depiction of human moods and actions his hand is often uncertain, vague, and heavy. A lot of his people make one believe in them, but one feels in them a certain kinship to Eugene O'Neill's characters—they were born, under great pressure of the imagination, in a sort of private vacuum alienated from the living world. They are brought into being with great effort, and often with painfully visible effort. No light, sudden touches: a great working and reworking, like the labored drawing and redrawing of an artist using charcoal in a life-class. And yet, behind the heavy lines, one feels the bones and structure and brutal essence of humanity.

And he seems to work in the same way, whether with or without a model. The model dresses and goes out, Crane goes on drawing, from an image in his mind which was there before she came in, and was always clearer to him than her image.

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"The Red Badge of Courage" is a recreation, in the fiery furnace of his isolated imagination, of a war which he never saw. When he wrote it, he knew nothing of this or of any other war except through what he had read. As a *tour de force,* it is extraordinary, and it is far more striking than the account of any number of talented, graphic eye-witnesses. It is also—and here we come close to the secret of Stephen Crane—quite as good as what he wrote later when he had seen the Spanish war, a real live war, for himself. You would expect the author of "The Red Badge of Courage" to do three times as well with actual warfare as with an imagined one. He didn't. A lot of the Cuban sketches seem just as splendidly remote from daily events as his alchemy with the Civil War. There was something in him that could not wholly surrender to the outside world, some queer, cautious, passionate evasion that made him look deeper into himself and trust only the reflection of the world that he saw there.

ROBERT LITTELL.

"He's a Relation of Mine"

Studies in Hereditary Ability, by W. T. Gun. London: Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

MR. GUN has set himself to carry forward the fascinating subject which Galton invented—the collection of hereditary tit-bits connecting the famous and the moderately famous—quite a different subject, we may add, from the scientific compilation of complete family trees of definitely determinable characteristics such as blue eyes, round heads, six toes, and the like. His method, like Galton's, is to take in turn each of a number of distinguished "connections" and to exhibit to us what a surprising number of celebrities are some sort of a cousin to one another.

One of the most striking of Mr. Gun's connections is by no means a novel one, yet not too hackneyed to be worth repeating—the cousinship of Dryden, Swift and Horace Walpole. All three were descended from John Dryden of Canons Ashby, Northamptonshire, Dean Swift being a second cousin once removed, and Horace Walpole a first cousin three times removed of John Dryden the poet (Horace being descended on his mother's side—and therefore irrespective of doubts as to his paternity—from Dryden's aunt Elizabeth). Mr. Gun is disposed to trace this magnificent display to the wife of the original John Dryden—Elizabeth Cope, daughter of Erasmus' friend and great-grand-daughter of Sir Ralph Verney, which brings a good many others into the same connection, including Robert Harley. A representative today of this great Verney connection is Lady Ottoline Morrell. If, on the other hand, we remember that Lady Ottoline is not only descended from Verney the mercer, but also from Sir William Pierrepont (and through his wife from Henry VII's Empson, son of Empson the sieve-maker), we establish her cousinship with Francis Beaumont, Lord Chesterfield and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Our families themselves lose track of their own ramifications; we wonder if Lady Ottoline herself knows that she can call cousin Beaumont, Dryden, Swift, Walpole, Harley and Chesterfield? Perhaps one can perceive in the consanguinity a certain persistent element.

Mr. Gun's analysis of the descendants of John Reid, who fell at Flodden Field in 1515, is more novel, at least to the present reviewer. Here there is a remarkable versatility—and perhaps also a common quality? In the eighteenth century Mr. John Reid was responsible for Boswell, Robertson the historian, Robert Adam the architect, and Brougham. Amongst his living descendants are Mr. Bertrand Russell, Mr. Harold Nicolson and General Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army.

Mr. Gun is at pains to show how many of the well known writers of today have old blood in their veins. He reminds us that Mr. G. M. and Mr. R. C. Trevelyan and Miss Rose Macaulay are descendants of the Highlander Aulay Macaulay (and therefore near connection of T. B. Macaulay), of whose son Kenneth's book Dr. Johnson said: "Very well written except some foppery about liberty and slavery"; that Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. Lytton Strachey, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Maurice Baring, and (he should surely have added) Mrs. Virginia Woolf can claim distinction for several generations; and that Mr. Aldous Huxley is the nephew of Mrs. Humphry Ward, who was the niece of Matthew Arnold.

There remains for mention the most remarkable family of all—the great Villiers connection from whom are descended all the ambitious fascinators, with so much charm of countenance and voice and so hard a little nut somewhere inside, who were the mistresses of our monarchs in the seventeenth century and of the parliamentary democracy ever since. There cannot have been a cabinet for two hundred years—save the Labor cabinet of 1924—which did not contain descendants of Sir George Villiers and Sir John St. John, two country gentlemen in the reign of James I, of whom the son of the former married the daughter of the latter. The famous progeny of these two families is far too extensive to follow out here in detail. But a simple list is impressive—the first Duke of Buckingham, favorite of James I, Barbara, Countess of Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland, mistress of Charles II, Arabelle Churchill, mistress of James II, Elizabeth, Countess of Orkney, mistress of William III (whom Swift called "the wisest woman he had ever known"), the second Duke of Buckingham, Lord Rochester, Lord Sandwich, the Duke of Berwick, the Duke of Marlborough, the third Duke of Grafton (George III's Premier), the two Pitts, Charles James Fox, Charles Townshend, Lord Castlereagh, the Napiers, the Herveys, the Seymours, Marquises of Hertford, the Butes, the Jerseys, the Lansdownes, the Cavendishes, Dukes of Devonshire, Lady Hester Stanhope, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Fielding, and, amongst many contemporaries of the same blood, Mr. Winston Churchill and Viscount Grey of Fallodon. This is, indeed, the real blood-royal of England.

Mr. Gun's fault—and it is a serious one—lies in his being too anxious to be gossipy, too little a lover of precision. He does not realize that in these affairs all the point lies in the precision and that the amusement will look after itself. He gives us practically no dates, no trees in diagram, a very imperfect index. Many of the items mentioned above have been dragged together by the present reviewer out of Mr. Gun's book, but not by Mr. Gun. Thus the book might be much better than it is. All the same, Mr. Gun has the true nose for these matters, and we must be grateful to him.

What are we to conclude? Is it that all Englishmen would be found cousins within four centuries if they could all trace their trees? Or is it true that certain small "connections" have produced eminent characters out of all proportion to their size? Mr. Gun does not help us to a scientific conclusion, but it will be a very cautious and skeptical reader who does not leave his book with a bias for the latter solution.

J. M. KEYNES.

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Junketing for Science

Pheasant Jungles, by William Beebe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 248 pages. $3.

The Arcturus Adventure, by William Beebe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 439 pages. $6.

IN his own field of picturesque biology, the position of Mr. William Beebe is not only supreme; it might almost be called unique. There are scientists in America more gifted for research, but none of them possesses a prose style; there are writers more brilliant, but they lack his training in field and laboratory. He has no rivals to be offended by his success. Accordingly, he has been spared all the jealousies, the ironic praise, the critical truths and half-truths which are the common portion of American novelists, poets, dramatists, critics and biographers.

One might almost say that he has never been criticized by other writers. He has been praised instead—warmly, deservedly, almost unanimously. "A glorious book," the reviewers announce in chorus as each new work appears. "It is high romance, exact science, fascinating history, wild adventure. But why attempt to retell it? It must be read." This reading is compared by Mr. Harry Hansen to "digging into a well filled treasure chest and bringing forth ropes of pearls and clinking coins." The editor of the Atlantic Monthly, forgetting the just claims of other writers, calls Mr. Beebe "the greatest master of prismatic English now alive."

His style is indeed excellent, but I should hesitate to pronounce it great. Clear, agreeable and limpid, it is like a smooth brook flowing over gravel—a brook which mirrors, in its shallow waters, the poised forepaws of foxes, the flight of humming-birds, the courtship of two insects, the turning of a leaf. It has no obstructions or shadowy deep pools; it is not free from impurities; it casts no sudden rainbows over a gorge; but it is, in general, an admirable reflecting medium for anything a naturalist may happen to observe.

Mr. Beebe's observations are often minute and charming . . . but one hesitates to enlarge upon a subject which has been treated so often. His faults, on the other hand, have rarely been discussed. Has anyone remarked that he tends to obtrude a screen of commonplaces between the observer and the thing observed? Like Æsop, but not like Darwin, he asks that every pheasant or crane should point an obvious moral. And, when he speaks of people instead of birds, he decides with no great originality that "there is something elusive and eternally baffling about human nature at all times. . . . Which proves, I think, that it is easier to deduce general facts about pheasants than about human nature."

In addition to parading a rather shop-worn philosophy, he is very often guilty of fine writing. He abuses such words as "mystery," "wonder," "strange," and all their derivatives. At times, when describing a jungle landscape, he writes with the breathless enthusiasm of a reporter assigned to a fashionable wedding. Moreover, he is lately evincing a tendency toward self-exploitation. Remembering his impersonal descriptions of fishes and birds, one does not like to hear him say, "I suffer from, or rather am blessed with, a life which is composed of an endless succession of violent contrasts." Introducing another passage, he writes, "Here I had the glorious fun, the many joys, and the few adventures which are always my portion when my whole mind is on the wary game I am stalking." One feels, on reading statements like these, that instead of merely revealing his ropes of pearls and clinking coins, he is beginning to hawk them like a peddler.

It seems a little ungracious to mention these minor faults, but they are dangerous symptoms, and, if criticism had performed an obvious duty, they might have been diagnosed and remedied in time. Mr. Beebe, receiving only praise, has taken no corrective measures. His faults persist, and they are more obvious in "Pheasant Jungles"—his latest work and the one from which the quotations were chosen—than in volumes published many years before.

He has, indeed, received a sort of quiet condemnation, but neither for his literary faults nor from his literary associates. Instead, he is criticized by his fellow biologists, whose ideals are of an almost cloistral severity. Divided into their separate orders of ichthyologists, ornithologists, entomologists, etc., they live by the same monastic rule and look with disfavor on any scientist who does not observe its precepts. Mr. Beebe has broken several of these: he has passed from the ranks of the ornithologists into those of the ichthyologists; he has written of scientific matters, for money, in the popular idiom; and he has even attacked the whole theory of monastic specialization:

> Why [he asks] should science dull our reaction to the theme of "Louise"? Why should technicalities dry the emotion when a master makes Beau Brummel live again? Why should palæontology or taxonomy detract a whit from "McAndrews' Hymn" or the Jabberwocky? Must sagittal sections and diagrams ever deaden one's appreciation of Boecklin and Rodin? Why should a geologist on a ballroom floor, or a botanist in the front row of a light-opera audience be considered worthy objects of abstract humor, instead of evincing a corresponding breadth of real humanness?

Notwithstanding the tangled journalese of the last sentence, one cannot help agreeing with the spirit of this complaint; but it is hard to be sympathetic with its concrete examples. A scientist who chooses Boecklin and Charpentier, Clyde Fitch and Kipling the poet, as examples of living art is evincing, not "a corresponding breadth of real humanness"—whatever that may be—but rather a weakness for things theatrical and sentimental. Inevitably one suspects him of exhibiting parallel tastes in his own department. And this suspicion, this feeling of superficiality, is unfortunately strengthened by Mr. Beebe's account of his last expedition.

When, after a campaign of intensive and dignified publicity, the "Arcturus" dropped its tugs and went steaming through the Narrows, it was superbly equipped for oceanographic research. In its bow was a special observation pulpit. Extending thirty feet from the port side was a boom-walk, which permitted access to undisturbed water thirty feet from the vessel. There was an elaborate collection of nets, trawls, dredges and tangles for collecting ocean fauna. There were motion picture cameras, typewriters by the score, and a high-powered radio set for sending special despatches to the New York Times. There was also an excellent laboratory.

The scientific staff, consisting of seventeen members, was selected by Mr. Beebe in person. It included photographers, artists, specialists in marine research, several charming young ladies, and the proprietor of The Pirates' Den in Greenwich Village, Mr. Don Dickerman, who was present in his capacity of assistant artist and "atavistic captain of pirates." His chief contribution to the book was an Unscientific Map of Cocos Island—ornamented with cross-bones and black flags, surmounted with a frieze

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of pirates, and giving, on the whole, a very quaint effect.

The expedition found Sargasso weed, a rookery of albatross, a volcano in eruption, and traces of pirate gold. At each new wonder, it bubbled with enthusiasm. Science also was not neglected. In the nets, tangles, trawls and dredges were discovered several unknown species, one of which was named for Mr. Beebe himself and another for the vessel. To future generations of scientists, the Sea Devil of the Arcturus—*Diabolidium arcturi* (Beebe) will commemorate this pleasant voyage over tropical waters. So also will the book, with its lavish illustrations and its sea-monsters described in Mr. Beebe's limpid style.

However, "The Arcturus Adventure" suffers from comparison with the work of another scientist, who, ninety years before, went sailing through the same untroubled seas. When Charles Darwin was the naturalist of the "Beagle," his equipment was hardly lavish; it included no bow-pulpits, boom-walks, or Peterson dredges; he was deprived of wireless operators, research assistants, historiographers, atavistic pirates; and he was handicapped, moreover, by a very ungracious style; yet Darwin, too, in his blunter fashion and with less expensive nets, was able to snare some portion of the truth.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Cecil Rhodes: A Tragedy

Rhodes, by J. G. McDonald. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 395 pages. $5.

FIVE years ago the first Parliament of Southern Rhodesia met in a dance hall over a country store; and a new Dominion, self-governing and free, was added to the British Commonwealth.

The energy, the imagination and the faith of one rough Englishman had made this possible. On the initiative of Rhodes the necessary treaties had been struck with Lobengula and his wild Matabeles; the enthusiasm and the perseverance which won from a reluctant government the charter of the South African Company had been Rhodes'; his was the money which equipped and sent into the wilderness the first settlers; his also the sustained courage and resolution which kept them there.

A fine work had been done. Philanthropy plus 5 percent—the words are Rhodes'—was this the motive? Rhodes' own career refutes his statement. Not by such petty gains had his own fortune been created; nor in philanthropy was he to spend it. The Oxford vision, conjured forth by Ruskin-magic, held his heart, an empire where men ploughed for England, dug mines for England, and made English homes. This, in his better moments, had been his dream.

In part he saw its realization. But his greater task lay yet ahead, the formation of a true confederation of South Africa in which Boer and Briton would unite. To accomplish this by patience, compromise and reasonableness was not impossible. To the Afrikander Bund he had been friendly. The men of Dutch ancestry in the Cape Colony were behind him. No adverse faction threatened his security, as was the case with Kruger, his old enemy, to the north.

But Rhodes staked all upon a gambler's throw, and lost. The Jameson Raid, for which he must stand sponsor, gave new and added strength to Kruger, precipitated war, postponed for generations, if not permanently, good will between Boer and Briton, and made Rhodes' life a failure.

Panegyrics on the life of Rhodes do a disservice to the British Empire. This, unfortunately, his biographers do not seem to realize. Mr. Basil Williams does to some extent; Mr. McDonald, in the latest of the biographies, not at all.

The finest thing about the Empire is not its area. Maps, splashed in red, are not its greatest asset. Free institutions mean more than acreage. Fair play, initiative, magnanimity and tolerance outweigh in history's ledger bank balances and diamond mines. They count for more than stone piled on stone, brick laid on brick—even if the latter are of gold.

Herein may be found the tragedy of Rhodes' life. He thought too much of empire in terms of mileage. He never quite grew up. He loved the Empire as a boy loves his sand pile—for its size. He loved it, it is true, for other reasons, for its free inheritance of English liberty, its democratic individualism, the sturdy independence of the British peoples overseas. But spacious distances, prairie uplands, mountains, forests, deserts and the unknown beyond: these meant much more to him. At any cost he willed they should be under British domination.

In the recent history of imperial Britain there are two tragedies. In 1885 died Gordon, victim of the well meaning but cloudy idealism which hovered round the cabinet of Gladstone. In 1895 Cecil Rhodes, Privy Councillor of the United Kingdom and her Majesty's Premier of the Cape Colony, betrayed his trust and plotted war against a friendly state.

The former tragedy is recognized as such by everyone. All the external trappings are found here; the lonely general looking north from Khartoum ramparts for help which never came; in London, divided and uncertain counsel; a relief expedition struggling past Nile rapids—and death. The tragedy at Cape Town was of a different sort. In external circumstance a tragi-comedy in which no lives were lost, below the surface it was more pitiful. No simple blunder was made here, in part excusable. The wrong done in this instance came not from faulty judgment, but from arrogance. For ten years past the wealthy Mr. Rhodes, the wealthiest man in all the world, had sought to make South Africa one by bonds of friendship and good will. And now—to win a momentary vantage, to drive out Kruger and to seize the gold mines—he threw all away, not only his good name, but all that he by kindly friendliness had won. The character of this man of iron will was seen to be, in one respect, as soft as putty.

The turning point in South African history had come. From December, 1895, the Boer War may be dated. And for its advent Cecil Rhodes was more responsible than any other man. That war is long past. But the bitterness which it created has not passed; nor may one even now be certain that South Africa will remain in the Commonwealth. If it does so, no credit will be due to Rhodes. And if a generation hence the Union Jack still flies over a British Parliament at Cape Town, the credit will belong to Botha, Smuts, Campbell-Bannerman and the British Liberals who strove so hard to mitigate the injury done by Cecil Rhodes to that which he would serve.

To face the spears of maddened Dervishes and die, as Gordon did, was hard; to be disgraced, dishonored, as was Rhodes, more difficult: but to destroy the thing you loved and lived for—that, above all, is the hardest.

Mr. McDonald does not say this about Rhodes. In fact, he says little which is in any way derogatory. And this but makes the tragedy worse. Rhodes was a better

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man than his old cronies realized. He knew what he had done. He and his friends were adventurers all; but Rhodes was more, a man of vision and understanding. Apologies were not made by him. Instead, by hand and brain and purse he tried to save something from the wreck—Rhodesia. And this he did.

Mr. McDonald's book is sincere and useful. Within it are numerous facts about his hero's life on the veldt of which there is no record elsewhere. And Rhodes here was at his best, his fiery energy in free play, his tact and friendly treatment of the Negro in full evidence. Mr. McDonald knew Rhodes well—upon the surface. It is possible that this biography of his portrays the real John Cecil Rhodes. If so, Rhodes was a cheaper person than we think.

The dissatisfaction and unhappiness which characterize his later portraits are not without significance. The larger potencies for good which he possessed, it seems to us, were by some secret poison, moral twist, or ancient Grecian *hubris* first undermined, then conquered. But the potencies were there. They had their little day of victory and were defeated by some evil thing. When this occurs one finds a tragedy.

WALTER PHELPS HALL.

A Defense of Order

Destinations: A Canvass of American Literature Since 1900, by Gorham B. Munson. New York: J. H. Sears and Company. 218 pages. $2.

THIS book is neither closely nor persuasively written. But it is a positive attack, delivered from a novel position, upon the disorder into which American letters have fallen since about 1914. Mr. Munson begins with an admirable schematization of the mixed tendencies in contemporary writing. The present moment, as analyzed by this critic, yields four main currents of activity: the classical stream of More and Babbitt, whose influence was submerged by the second tendency—the romantic generation of Brooks and Dreiser; then a third group of writers, sympathetic to the classicists and represented by Pound and Eliot; and, finally, the "youngest generation," made up of Kenneth Burke, Malcolm Cowley, Yvor Winters, Hart Crane, and others, who are drawn toward Babbitt and More through their schooling with Eliot and Pound. Although the drift of the book as a whole makes one suspect that Mr. Munson omits certain writers less out of love of literature than in the interests of classification, his survey of the contemporary scene is just and illuminating. He then goes on to a summary of Professor Babbitt's books, and to a detailed defense of Mr. More. He pleads throughout for order and discipline, for ideals of perfection that, realized, might make our literature more varied, deeper, and richer.

With Mr. Munson's program as such, it is impossible for one not to sympathize; yet in his hands it is not quite effective: he betrays in his own writing a lack of much of the discipline for which he argues. He pleads for More and Babbitt, but he assumes that these critics have been repudiated wilfully, that we need only to decide to bring back their ideas, and the belief in them will come. In this assumption there is a certain amateurishness, an inexperience in dealing with ideas. For, although the discipline of Paul Elmer More gives a special direction to his books, which we may follow, the simple taking of a direction is not all that there is involved in acquiring a discipline. To acquire More's discipline it is not sufficient (as Mr. Munson seems to believe it is) to take on something of More's "total view"; the experience back of the comprehensiveness must come first; for without it the ideas standing for it have no base, and exist in a vacuum. All ideas, as such, are counters, and the important thing in the portraiture of an attitude is not the idea, but its history in the thought of the person using it. Ideas to Mr. Munson come too easily, and in his thinking they lack history; he assumes the counter but neglects the history, the content; he neglects, in a word, the discipline. Mr. Munson's seriousness may yet lead him to a realization of his program, but at present his writing is journalism; the difference between him and a popular journalist is that he deals with unpopular subjects. Neither stays with his subject long enough to discover what it is about. On the evidence of this book, Mr. Munson has exposed himself to a meager experience of literature, and terms like classicism, romanticism, naturalism, appear as fixed entities; the result is the unreality of his thought. (The discussion of More and Babbitt is not the whole book, but Mr. Munson's attitude toward these writers is typical of his method, and I have deliberately emphasized it.)

In method he has been influenced by Behaviorism. The essay on Dreiser is supposedly descriptive merely, in terms of Dreiser's "behavior." Apart from the scandalous supposition that a scientific technique can be pursued outside a measuring laboratory, the analysis of Dreiser's motives as a writer actually proceeds as literary psychoanalysis: his later career is made out to be compensatory for early privations. Now Mr. Munson elsewhere repudiates psychoanalysis. It is impossible to take the repudiation seriously—not because in a lapse he uses psychoanalysis himself, but because he accepts Behaviorism. He accepts this method because its rating as science is just now a little higher than that of psychoanalysis. But from the viewpoint of literary criticism all scientific methods, good or bad, are in the end irrelevant; for when the method is taken out of the laboratory it becomes "literary" and debased; its original standing as an exact science has no bearing upon the new situation at all. Mr. Munson's lack of discipline in ideas permits him to use the word science very much as the Christian Scientists do: he attempts to put into the term the idea of a way of living.

Behind his judgments of particular writers stands a moral system, good, no doubt, in itself, which argues for the expression in letters of the "total man"; and in the essay on Hart Crane he says that "most poetry [falls] short of wisdom." The answer to this must be a question, just a little rude: What of it? Evidently the wisdom is to be found somewhere, but unless the critic can derive it from literature, he approaches that fine art from the outside, and the wisdom remains sealed in a vacuum. The trouble with wisdom in a vacuum—that is to say, with wisdom superior to any of the specific disciplines of culture—is that it cannot be tested; it may become, in effect, an evasion of discipline, seized as a short cut. Evasions of intellectual responsibility take various forms; all forms seem to be general in our time; what they mean is the breakdown of culture; and there is no new order in sight which promises to replace it. The widespread cults, esoteric societies, amateur religions, all provide easy escapes from discipline, easy revolts from the traditional forms of culture. We need not be deceived by manifestos, by "calls to order," by the terminology of disciplines; for even these are largely generated by disorder and hatched in ignorance; and their arguments confute one another with fatal contradictions and

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confusions. The discipline of literature is, in the lowest terms (and Mr. Munson as a skeptic would wish to use Occam's razor to the limit)—the discipline of literature is the devoted study of its texts.

Mr. Munson has little to say about writers of the past, but whatever they may have done, he expects modern writers to begin behaving differently. He does not say, in the last chapter of the book, just what his new truth is, but he is obviously possessed by it. With this in mind, he says that Crane is fragmentary in vision. That is easy enough; but how does he know that Dante and Shakespeare, from his viewpoint, are not fragmentary, too? He does not derive the aims of Dante and Shakespeare; he discusses the aims of—Katherine Mansfield. The one great piece of traditional literature that he cites as a possible source of contemporary inspiration is the "Mahabharata." This work, he confesses, he has not read. That Mr. Munson is disposed to take short cuts is thus not merely the inference of this reviewer. The confession, coming from a critic pleading the case of classical discipline, betrays an intellectual diffuseness, a disorder and a credulity, that one can match by going to the romantic Middle Generation, which Mr. Munson rightly designates an enemy of contemporary order. His program is one thing, his performance another; while this is so, disorder is still with us, and we must await the critic who is equipped with an intimate knowledge of letters, a severe logical discipline, and, in Mr. Munson's own words, with "a profound and embracing skepticism."

ALLEN TATE.

Our Mother Tongue

The Knowledge of English, by George Philip Krapp, Professor of English in Columbia University. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 572 pages. $3.75.

PROFESSOR KRAPP'S latest book on English ought to make a strong appeal to all persons interested in the English language who know the present attitude of scholars toward the most significant general questions about language, and the English language in particular. Written primarily for the general reader, it is almost entirely free from novelties of opinion and speculation, and consists in the main of clear and lively discussion of views that are now well established. Yet every chapter abounds in ideas that will seem fresh and novel to anyone who has not kept abreast of the recent important changes, not only in our knowledge of the history of the English language in all its periods and phases, but also in our conceptions of the nature of language itself, of standards of correctness, of the modes and causes of enrichment, wider distribution, changes of structure, meaning and pronunciation, and a host of similar subjects.

For the purposes of this review I drew up a brief list of the chapters that in my opinion offer the strongest attractions for the intelligent general reader. To my surprise I found that, despite my best efforts to make the list as short as possible, I had named fourteen chapters. I therefore carefully reconsidered the list, with the result that instead of reducing it I was disposed to add three more. I will give my final list and let the gentle reader perform his own excisions. But I suggest that he had better read the book first, or he may make a mistake and delete the very chapter that would interest him most. At any rate, here is my final list: I. Nature and Nurture; II. English Today; III. English Dialects; IV. The Golden Age of the English Language; V. A Touchstone for English; VI. The Levels of English Speech; VII. The Drift Toward Regularity; XI. Logic; XII. Authority; XIII. The Morals of Good English; XIV. The Purist Attitude; XVI. What Is Grammar; XVII. The Language and the People; XVIII. Structural Changes; XX. English Vocabulary; XXI. English Sounds; XXII. The Best Pronunciation.

Although there can be no question of the breadth and depth of Professor Krapp's linguistic knowledge or the soundness of his general views, I am both puzzled and irritated at the frequency with which he supports those views by arguments that seem to me unsound or adds an *obiter dictum* that seems to me unjustified. Of course, it is difficult to believe that in such cases it is I who am wrong.

To take a question of some general linguistic interest and importance, Professor Krapp is, of course, entirely right in insisting that the formal study of grammar and formal attempts at systematization in language are modern and academic. But he several times makes statements—for example, on pages 79, 109, 405, and 534—which imply that in the pre-academic stage there is no conscious interest in what is called correctness of speech nor any consensus of efforts influencing the preservation or the course of development of a "natural" language. This seems to me to overlook the fact that many children from a very early age are severely critical of any expression differing from those with which they are familiar, and that among many savage tribes, notably some of the Bantu of Central Africa, parents are said to devote more care to training their children to speak properly than most American parents do. This misapprehension seems to be one phase of a widespread tendency to arrive at the habits and ideals of ancient times and of more primitive races by a process of theoretical subtractions instead of a real study of the facts. Yet I cannot but believe that the literature on the languages and social customs of primitive races is as familiar to Professor Krapp as it is to me, and that these apparent misconceptions are merely due to momentary oversight.

The same remark may perhaps be made about the rather frequent instances in which Professor Krapp allows himself to use expressions implying consciousness and purpose as features in linguistic development. Nothing is more certain than that he would entirely repudiate such a view, and in fact, when he is expounding his conception of the nature of language, he expressly combats it. Typical examples of the expressions I have in mind occur on pages 290 ff., 301, 310, and 475.

Of details that are clearly questionable there are comparatively few. I myself have never heard the pronunciation of *chauffeur* described on pages 127-128; that is, with the *ch* of *church* and the *au* of *taunt;* and I should question Professor Krapp's view that the pronunciations of *chauffeur* and *garage* with the stress on the first syllable "are not correct by any commonly accepted standards." My impression is that I have heard them from many of the most careful speakers in England and America.

On the whole question of the invention of words, if I understand Professor Krapp correctly, I should be inclined to disagree with him. I do not believe that the period of invention is now closed. It seems to me, on the contrary, that at no former period, historic or prehistoric, was there any greater activity of invention than there is at present.

Occasionally what Professor Krapp says in one part of his book seems out of harmony with the views or facts expressed elsewhere. This is rather notable in his remarks

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about the lack of synonyms in Old English, page 324. In any language the two principal sources of synonyms are foreign contributions to the native vocabulary and the obliteration of specific restrictions. Naturally enough, Old English, having few foreign elements, had few synonyms from this source, but the multitude of spoken words of the kind discussed interestingly and ably by Professor Krapp on pages 473-476 furnished a large number of synonyms of which the Old English poets availed themselves very freely, supplementing the list, of course, by the figurative expressions known as "kennings."

Incidentally, it may be remarked that the use of such a word as *bunch* for such various synonyms as herd, flock, bevy, covey, swarm, pack, school, gang, band, drove, etc., probably does result from and imply a poverty of thought, or at least a poverty of vocabulary, and is not to be ascribed, as Professor Krapp so charitably ascribes it, to "that common tendency in language which strives to bring about a unity of linguistic form to correspond to a unity of logical content."

Not as a matter of any importance, but merely for record, I should like to defend James Russell Lowell from Professor Krapp's charge of being betrayed by the rhyme into using a nominative for the accusative (page 507). The passage in question is from the Commemoration Ode:

> Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,
> Katahdin tell Monadnoc, Whiteface *he,*
> And so leap on in light from sea to sea.

It is true that *he* is a nominative, where the word *let* requires an accusative, and that it rhymes with *sea.* But Mr. Lowell was not betrayed by the rhyme; he was under a compulsion to avoid the ambiguity that would have been created by using *him* instead of *he.*

In the famous line from Gray's elegy quoted on page 510:

> Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,

it is not Gray who was mistaken, but those who think he should have used *await.* The subject of the verb is not the various nouns which precede the line, but *hour.*

Like Professor Krapp, I confess that I am often puzzled by the syntax and diction of Thomas Nashe, but I do not think that Professor Krapp has correctly reduced to plain English the quotation from Nashe given on page 462. What Nashe means, I take it, is that it was hard to understand how Yarmouth could not only feed its own large population, but have a surplus for outsiders.

The volume is excellently printed. In my rather careful reading I have noted only two typographical errors: *principle* for *principal,* on page 230, and *surviver* for *survivor,* on page 252. I should like also to include in this list the ascription to Ben Jonson of Milton's characterization of Shakespeare's poetry as "woodnotes wild," page 174, and also the statement on page 137 that the second element in *gossip* was originally the word for friend. I think Professor Krapp would agree that the original meaning of *gossip* was not *God-friend* but *God-relative.*

But there is nothing in any of these matters to deduct from the great interest and value of this new volume, and one can only wish that Professor Krapp himself might give us the new grammar of modern English so ably and enticingly outlined on page 234.

JOHN M. MANLY.

Contemporary Economics

Contemporary Economic Thought, by Paul T. Homan. New York: Harper and Brothers. 468 pages. $2.50.

CONTEMPORARY economics exhibits the influence of several formative streams of thought. There is, first, of course, the tradition of its own development; there is the influence of physical and natural science, coming in as method and as a view of human nature; there is the pragmatic attitude. There are others, but these seem most important. One has also to distinguish what is genuinely contemporary from what is essentially anachronistic. Within the year, for instance, not one but a good half-dozen of volumes have been published which represent only lessons well learned from the old masters. But these were books of "principles." Now Mr. Homan submits a study which is not of this sort, but rather an assessment of current doctrine.

Presumably, he tried and rejected what would seem the obvious procedure for such a study. All of us who have been graduate students have note-books well filled with topical references. We have set down "value," "distribution," "production" and the other familiar categories, and then have ranged under them, in comparative form, the ideas of Marshall, Clark, Taussig, Davenport, Hobson and the rest. This worked very well and enabled us to pass our doctor's examinations. Mr. Homan's book is also a graduate student's note-book, but a glorified one. He has worked over it, as the rest of us have not, and made it into a printable volume, written in a sinuous and very acceptable prose. But it apparently became obvious to him that, if contemporary thought was really to be included, the categorical method would be impossible. Hardly any major figure who is still in active life could, indeed, be brought in—certainly not Veblen or Mitchell. As a matter of fact, contemporary economists have abandoned the categories of the classical school. To them the stream of tradition is interesting, but not helpful. A figure like Mitchell, for instance, is wholly misunderstood by traditionalists; the extent of the misconception is, perhaps, revealed by their continual regret that he, too, has not written a "principles."

Something of the sort determined that the book would have to take another form, and so we have separate studies of Clark, Veblen, Marshall, Hobson and Mitchell, these five—and a last short, baffled account of "The Present Impasse." Are these figures representative? One may be allowed some difference here. My choice would not have been precisely similar; but the method, of course, forces the disregard of minor, or, even, other figures; and so some inevitable violence is done. Is each well done? Here again, there must be allowances. For Mr. Homan's is not the genetic method, though, in a last-chapter sentence, he recognizes its fruitfulness. It is almost wholly a casting up of literary remains. As such it must be judged successful. But one, for instance, who has heard Wesley Mitchell himself clothe these bones with significant flesh, must miss something of the radiant life with which they can be infused. Notably, too, the least successful treatment is that of Mitchell, who is hardest to pin down to books, and is only to be understood by knowing what he is trying to do. For there is germinating in that powerful intelligence slowly gathering generalizations of greater import than one might guess from any reading, which are, however, the logical superstructure of carefully collected fact, infused with a profoundly experimental temper.

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The genetic method, if pursued with patience and a touch of mature genius, may throw into bold relief the significant features of a man's completed work. Some of this is undoubtedly missing here. But there is patient analysis and careful assessment, a search for assumption, a rounding up of generalization for which all economists must be grateful. The astonishing thing is that Mr. Homan has so successfully repressed his own predilections —has made his book such a perfect mirror to other books. There is no distortion, the cautious filling in of detail, the constant withdrawal from baldness in outline, prevent that. But there is no portraiture either. A good brief for bias might be made from such a text.

The high and low lights might have assumed clearer contrast, the reader's sense of helplessness might have been relieved, if there had been a courageous penetration to the essential differences between Veblen and Mitchell; and Clark, Marshall, and Hobson. The cleavage here is profound. For Veblen and Mitchell would have created precisely their own unique contributions if there had been no stream of orthodoxy. Veblen's mental revolt against what seemed to him the tainted flavor of apologetic in economic theory, perhaps engendered in the Northwest of the eighties and nineties, when big business was under fire, turned him to cultural anthropology and science. It would be fatuous to argue that a disinterested attitude lay behind his creative work; but he achieved a scientific mask, at least, which, no less than that of Marx, served to conceal his purpose. And, of course, it is entirely possible that he had no purpose, only that youthful shaping and bias which determined in him a bitter disillusion with business. Some of this Mitchell inherited. He has always found Veblen acceptable to his mind. But, in spite of the kind of background studies to which so many of his best years have been given, Mitchell has none of Veblen's satiric aloofness. He cares immensely what happens; he is jealous for the reputation of his science. But the criteria are not logical, they are pragmatic. And this is Mitchell's extreme dissent from orthodoxy. He cannot see that following the traditional development further will lead to any intensified well-being. His warmest theoretical controversy happened a few years ago when a critic linked him with those who were "price" rather than "welfare" economists. He hotly asserted then, that, by welfare criteria, his kind of work was apt to contribute most. His students often say that Mitchell has a poker face; but, like so many similar phenomena, that face hides a heart which is quiveringly sensitive to the human struggle. Nothing is to be gained from exposing such feeling as this; it comes to something when it is turned into a lifetime of constructive work.

Of the others, Clark, Marshall and Hobson, there is this to be said: they, too, were sensitive; they, too, cared about mitigating the difficult conditions of life; but they believed it could be done largely by discovering the natural conditions to which our institutions must conform. They felt themselves penetrating always to higher truths, each in his separate way, which, when discovered, would make life easier for a tortured race. Mitchell is willing to remain skeptical of higher truths, to doubt the feasibility, at least, of attempting their discovery before the complex phenomena which they generalize have been explored. Mitchell would allow man full scope in the organization of existence; those others would have him conform to fairly settled law. This is the contrast. Yet one who makes it thus boldly must always be conscious that Marshall's exceptions are, like Mill's, perhaps his most important work, that Clark was a successful theorist of the system which President Wilson called the New Freedom, that Hobson has, all his life, been something of a crusader. The reality is mixed when one examines it closely. So that, after all, Mr. Homan may be right in refusing all temptations to make his cleavage sweeping.

No one would dare leave this study on a final note of reserve. In this particular field of contemporary economics, those who might have written such a book are numerous, but the obstacles have seemed too formidable to others. The necessary withdrawal from more impassioned activities for a year, perhaps several years, has seemed too great a sacrifice; the analysis also has presented extreme difficulties. We must be grateful that Mr. Homan has given the time; that, on the whole, too, he has had the requisite ability. It is a useful book.

R. G. TUGWELL.

The Island Within

The Island Within, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

"THE ISLAND WITHIN" divides itself naturally and significantly into two parts. The story is that of a Jewish family which moves during the course of the narrative from a Polish ghetto to "free" Germany, and finally to "freer" America. In the first part, that which deals with Europe or with those born Europeans who move on to America, the fable, the plot, is of secondary importance. As in life, the story is transcended by movement worthy and important in itself: at each stage in its course it seems to the observer, as well as to the being who experiences it, to have reached its ultimate; the past is blurred, and the future takes its trend and significance of hopelessness or joy from the pivot of the instant. And it is only in retrospect that we can see the knitted unity of destiny and inescapable internal logic.

In the beginning there is "in the city of Vilna a Jew whose full name was Reb Mendel ben Reb Jizchock, with his wife and two children." This man is a *melamed,* a teacher, and indescribably poor. The teacher, however, is a member of the Jewish intellectual aristocracy and a person of honor in the community. He has an heterodox desire to study profane knowledge as well as sacred; and by his desire to partake of the mind of the world he is tricked into becoming a part of the world: he attains a position of trust in the employ of a *kümmel* manufacturer. Then begins the spread of his family into the countries of Europe, the disintegration of their sacred isolation, their movement toward and from the core of their common ancestry: all this done with more beauty of form and a deeper and more sensitive appreciation of English than is to be found in any other modern American prose I know.

And amidst this movement—a movement at once of people and style, both finely considered and beautiful—sits Ludwig Lewisohn, the poet, like an old-fashioned god of whom it is difficult to say whether he creates or traces the life in his domain. He does not, as is the prevailing style, attempt to hide himself, pretending that there is no author and that the written word borrows its validity from the life which it reflects, as a photograph does. "Let us," he says, "recover the epic note. To do so there is no need of high-flown words or violent actions. Only a constant sense of the streaming generations, of the process of eternal change, of the true character of man's magnificent and tragic adventure between earth and sky."

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In the last half of the book Mr. Lewisohn forsakes the epic—or perhaps the epic forsook him—for the sake of a rather common thematic drama. His own now familiar problems have come between himself and his work; the generations no longer stream: they move mechanically for no internal reason; but only that their author may be enabled to use them as a basis for that foredoomed type of argument in which an author debates with himself, reasoning not only from the particular to the general, but from the particular which he creates arbitrarily to the general which he manipulates at will. And so to a conclusion which was also a premise.

In this manner, and by means of a (very) rough sort of phychoanalysis of two "races"—the Jewish and the non-Jewish—the author "proves" that: marriage between Christians and Jews is inevitably unhappy, that no Jew can be content outside a ghetto or Palestine, and that the world at large prefers sincere Jews to mock-Christians. All of which is in its way a pity, but without power to mar the beauty and nobility of the first half of "The Island Within."

M. P. Levy.

Lawrence of Arabia

Lawrence and the Arabian Adventure, by Robert Graves. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 400 pages. $3.

MR. ROBERT GRAVES has written a sort of authorized biography of Lawrence "of Arabia," alias T. E. Shaw, as he now prefers to call himself, in reaction against the hero-worship that so disgusted him after his great adventure. The "most remarkable living Englishman," according to the popular verdict, appears in these pages at full length, and his adventure appears in a perspective which he himself was unable to give it in his own marvelous but inchoate book. For the adventure itself readers will always prefer to turn to Lawrence's own account; they will consult Mr. Graves for information about the man. And it goes without saying that from his adolescence onward Lawrence appears as a man of extraordinary intensity of temperament, eccentric as only an Englishman can be, but quickly a master of everything he attempted. A vegetarian and teetotaller who never even watched an organized game and was never willing to compete in anything, he read in six years every book in the library of the Oxford Union, 50,000 volumes in all, but specialized in archeology, about which he soon knew more than his teachers.

While still at the University he began making expeditions on foot in Syria, forming that interest in the Near East which was to blossom later in the great experience of his life. He established a reputation for omniscience and a personal authority that was the result largely of his Spartan self-discipline, and soon won his way into the confidence of the Arab leaders, with consequences which the world knows; for it has been frequently said that his campaign was the most notable episode of the War. This campaign Mr. Graves describes with a lucidity that was beyond the compass of Lawrence himself, though naturally without the latter's magnificence of language. The story is maintained at a fairly even level, and reveals an always romantic character who, as Mr. Graves says, "began by putting his nose between the pages of Scott and Tennyson, and then between those of Morris and Malory, and then between those of the original medieval French and Latin romances, until at last he forced his whole head and shoulders and body between the pages of an epic in the making, and in the first book met Feisal, and in the second Auda." But Lawrence armed himself against a false romanticism by carefully developing a twentieth-century skepticism which he continually used, says Mr. Graves, in test of his behavior; and while he took with him throughout his campaign Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," he also carried the comedies of Aristophanes as an antidote.

One is not surprised to learn, what he himself could scarcely have told us, that he was accepted instantly by Allenby as an equal, and especially that he seemed to be the only man at the Versailles Conference who had the complete confidence of all the Big Three, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Wilson, going freely in and out of their cabinets and giving them the information which he alone possessed. The story of his interview with the King, his declination of the honors that had been awarded him and his return of all his foreign decorations is dramatic enough. Seldom has a man been able to make such a gesture, which in anyone else and under any other circumstances would have been melodramatic. But the most dramatic part of all is the very end where, after being so bitterly disappointed in the hopes he had had for the Arabs and had raised in them, he succeeded, with the powerful aid of Winston Churchill, in amply fulfilling his bargain.

Van Wyck Brooks.

Hawthorne, Anderson and Frost

Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Study in Solitude, by Herbert Gorman. New York: George H. Doran Company. 178 pages. $2.

Robert Frost: A Study in Sensibility and Common Sense, by Gorham B. Munson. New York: George H. Doran Company. 130 pages. $2.

Sherwood Anderson, by Cleveland B. Chase. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 85 pages. $1.

The Phenomenon of Sherwood Anderson: A Study in American Life and Letters, by N. Bryllion Fagin. Baltimore: The Rossi-Bryn Company. 156 pages. $2.

OF these four biographies, Herbert Gorman's "Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Study in Solitude" shows the firmest and most disciplined treatment. The other three biographies tend to be diffuse and to lack a consistent point of reference by which the total amount of material may be organized to give a comprehensible picture of the subject. This may be explicable on other grounds than a considerable discrepancy in capacity or attention on the part of the critics; it is perhaps easier to understand a man when his business is finished and he is safely in his grave.

The idea of Hawthorne as a recluse needs, in the light of research, some qualification, more, indeed, than Mr. Gorman gives to it. But the conception does provide a basis of correlation between the character of Hawthorne, his background, and his work; it is a clue to the particular problems which engrossed him, to the remote, abstract quality of his treatment of character, and the preoccupation with symbol. In dealing with these matters, Mr. Gorman for the most part accepts traditional estimates and a little over-simplifies the critical difficulties. Hawthorne's concern with the abstract theme is indicated as his primary artistic flaw. But the general symbols in his best work are never mechanical, and they remain so inti-

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mately associated with the particulars involved that to think of them as separate wilfully destroys the whole fabric; Hawthorne was certainly enough of an artist to be aware of the imaginative margin necessary in the use of symbol. Hawthorne's general idea, his determinism, is not so arbitrarily and abstractly conceived as that of Hardy, for instance; the connection between a man and his fate is less primitive, for its roots were in a system that provided, for a time at least, an adequate approach to the world. Lewis Mumford in "The Golden Day" is more just; he does not force the conventional disjunction in accounting for this "esthetician of sin."

Hawthorne's essential lack of contact with his own time does not need emphasis; it is rather the particular relation which he bore to the past, to Puritanism before its energies became vulgarized in industrialism, that is important to us now. If the reader could discover here a definite understanding of Hawthorne's connection with Mather, for instance, Mr. Gorman's work would be of considerably greater significance. But in general this biography, despite its essential sympathy and good writing, is conventional enough; it represents little advance over the work done by James, Woodberry, and Beers, or even by the wrong-headed Conway.

Gorham B. Munson calls his book on Robert Frost "A Study in Sensibility and Common Sense." If Hawthorne and Frost present themselves as in any sense typical, it is significant that in New England Hawthorne, with a genius inflamed by the spectacle of evil, of conscience struggling to bridge the flaw in nature, is followed by Frost, who can be defined as a study in "sensibility and common sense." One cannot conceive of the earlier writer putting on the blackboard as the formula of his art the line that Frost scribbled up for his class at Pinkerton Academy: "common in experience—uncommon in writing." Hawthorne simply could not have thought that way, and the difference implies much of the history that has intervened. He had another point of reference.

Both of these New Englanders had their eyes fixed on the past, but in profoundly different ways. Hawthorne could still comprehend a system, a narrow and comfortless dogma, perhaps, but yet one by which the perceptions of an artist might be oriented and which could provide the premises of a certain concept of tragedy. It was a "myth," if you will; however, this myth was at one time susceptible to a deep psychological interpretation. Hawthorne, coming at that time, had the strength to bend its rigor to an esthetic purpose. After Emerson had done his work, any tragic possibilities inherent in that culture were dissipated. In New England, Edward Arlington Robinson now looks backward, but his impulse is frustrated; he ends by being merely puzzled. He has achieved an idiom and a method, but no larger terms into which experience can be translated and rendered comprehensible. And Frost, surveying the defeated or eccentric survivals of a passing breed, replaces imagination by "sensibility," tragedy by a certain pathos rather finely tempered by common sense. This common sense prompts him to write:

> How can we write
> The Russian novel in America
> As long as life goes so unterribly?

Frost's treatment of nature, furthermore, remains as a fidelity to particulars which never become quite coherent; there is rarely a hint of any concept such as one finds in Hardy. Such a concept might serve as a substitute for the dogma of Hawthorne converted into an esthetic psychology. Sometimes there is a suggestion of such a truly imaginative function of image, as in "Once by the Pacific," but it rests in a mere suggestion and never emerges. Perhaps the consequences of this limited but accurate perception were in Amy Lowell's mind when she wrote ten years ago: "Mr. Frost's work is undoubtedly more finished in its kind than the work of any other living American poet, but this very finish precludes growth. In some other poets we feel potentialities, in Mr. Frost we find achievement."

Mr. Munson attempts the most systematic critical analysis in this group of biographies. He fixes on Frost's fidelity to the particular items in nature—"the fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows"—as the starting point in his discussion of the artist's sensibility. He says that Frost discovers "a sound model for imitation." He remembers that "imitation as the ancients understood it was a fresh and imaginative process," and concludes that Frost, displaying decorum and proportion as functions of his common sense, is a classicist. Furthermore, Frost is differentiated from the "neo-classicists" such as T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound on the basis of their reference to authority and literary tradition and Frost's reference to nature. Frost's "several books against the world in general" are interpreted as a revolt against a prevailing romanticism properly dated by Mr. Munson to Rousseau. The discussion ends itself in a blurred problem of terms which contributes little to an understanding of the poet. Mr. Munson seems to be just, on not a few points, but his ponderous method and apparently unassimilated learning have succeeded in obscuring the immediate critical issue. Perhaps it is time for the question to be fought out on other grounds.

Cleveland B. Chase's unambitious biography gives a sound estimate of Sherwood Anderson; it avoids the incoherent and often fatuous general speculations which characterize N. Bryllion Fagin's "Phenomenon of Sherwood Anderson." After a scrupulous analysis of the artist's complete career, Mr. Chase finds that Anderson's reputation still rests principally on "Winesburg, Ohio." "The Story Teller's Story" is an interesting book of reminiscences without great literary value; it is a document whose value will increase with time, but that value remains historical. "Dark Laughter" is described as a competent novel, "no better than many others which have appeared in America during the past fifteen years." "The plain foreshadowings of the Anderson who is ahead," with which reviewers greeted each new book, seems to be unfulfilled. The reason Mr. Chase advances is a just one: "Anderson has never needed to be 'saved from realism.' He needs to be saved from a cheap, soft sentimentality which distorts and castrates almost everything he writes . . . he has allowed himself to confuse the interpretive and evasive types of imagination that he possesses. How far that confusion has gone is witnessed" when Anderson "notes with surprise and mystification that 'art' is connected with and derived from life."

This gives a further clue as to Anderson's frequent failure as an artist. Only in "Winesburg, Ohio," did he concentrate his attention upon the specific character problems in hand. There he was preoccupied with no "message." Any of the better stories has as much substance as the novels, which are often diluted with a fake profundity that the sheer force of Anderson's technical accomplishment may succeed in foisting on the unwary reader. One can scarcely regard this remark from "Dark Laughter" as apocalyptic: "If life were not so complex it would be more simple."

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Mr. Fagin sees in American history a recapitulation of a literature's progress from the "cosmological" to the "anthropological" age. He describes our first literary manifestations as concerned with the exploitation and division of the untouched wealth of nature or with gods and spirits. Then the newer concern with man, not with the explanation of the physical universe, emerged. Anderson appears as the best exponent of this anthropological age—he is occupied with the individual, with himself. This is all very neat, too neat. In the first place, it represents a sad disregard of the actual course of history on this continent and of the complex of forces that worked in the creation of the new society. In the second place, the materialism of the cosmological age may be the thing from which Anderson revolts and which motivates his discovery of "self," but nevertheless that materialism prevails. Mr. Fagin has not even provided us with an adequate simile; the total matter is not so simple as he would have us believe, for the reason that it neglects completely the European background.

Anderson's preoccupation with the individual, here indicated as his primary achievement, is at the root of that very sentimentality which Mr. Chase deplores. Everywhere except in "Winesburg, Ohio," that individual apparently represents the writer's own apologia. The type never varies from "Windy McPherson's Son" to "Dark Laughter"; it is regularly an over-sensitive, melodramatic man who packs up, leaves the business or family that has gotten on his nerves, and sets out to discover "Truth" or "himself." Anderson's perpetual turning back to childhood and youth is a collateral escape which appears in "Tar" and the novels. The treatment of the particular type chosen is never quite convincing, for the motivation of that character remains vague, and there is no attempt to understand any other; there is no sense of the interaction and development of relations among people, and this deficiency seems to account for Anderson's idea of the "moment." He is not able to trace a total scheme, but is capricious, presenting motivation only in terms of a simple impulse, which in turn remains unexplained. Like Frost, he is without doctrine, and since he is more pretentious, the result is more disastrous. Anderson lacks the intellectuality which would give meaning to the theme of the individual escape and the duty to oneself. Only in "Winesburg" was there a hint of this.

There seem to be two impulses which may give rise to an escapist literature. One is a rejection by judgment, which presupposes an imaginative comprehension of the special world renounced. The other is motivated by fear, by incomprehension. The first variety often produces by the terms of its very revolt the most full and subtle expression of its age. The work of James Joyce is of this type; he at least understands the wrecked and fragmentary tradition from which he turns away. He has the vigor to make his own beginnings and his atavism possesses an intellectual validity which gives "Ulysses" its magnitude. One manifestation of this is a superior objectivity. In Anderson there is only the inchoate impulse, the symbol of "dark laughter." Anderson's work falls into the second classification, the projection of whose premise ends in sentimentality. Mr. Chase senses this discrepancy; Mr. Fagin, on the other hand, glorifies the blind, uninformed escape and romanticizes the failure in adaptability and lack of mental toughness. Anderson is not an "expression of America," as Mr. Fagin would put it; he does not really succeed in making his subjective portrait significant. But there remains "Winesburg, Ohio," with its fine objectivity.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

Kit Carson

Kit Carson: The Happy Warrior of the Old West, by Stanley Vestal. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 297 pages. $3.50.

KIT CARSON has been fortunate in his biographers. Edwin L. Sabin put six years of assiduous travel and research into his monumental "Kit Carson Days," a book which in fullness, expertness and painstaking accuracy stands at the head of Western biographies. But with its seven hundred pages and slabs of documentary material, it is a biography of the older type; and there was room for just such a book as Mr. Vestal now gives us. It is condensed, swift and vivid, attempting in narrow compass a character sketch of the famous scout, a study of the life of the mountain men and buffalo hunters, and a narrative of Carson's innumerable adventures between Chouteau's Landing and Los Angeles, between the Mojave country and the Blackfoot country. It succeeds unequally in the three aims. The study of the mountain men and their life—of trapping beaver in the Rockies, carousals at Taos, killing cows and jerking their meat, the way the frontiersmen "womaned"—is admirable. Mr. Vestal is a son of the Southwest who knows the ranges and the Indians at first hand. The account of Kit's adventures is a spare, athletic history, which deals freshly with old materials and here and there adds new information, as in the account of his duel to the death with the bully Shunar. But the treatment of Carson's character is a difficult task, and comes out somewhat less satisfactorily than Mr. Vestal's talents justify us in expecting.

The danger in any treatment of Kit Carson is that he will seem cruder and smaller than he was, a mere picturesque frontiersman whom circumstances made famous. He was illiterate; he knew nothing of books, cities, affairs, civilization; he talked the crude lingo of the frontier; he was insignificant in aspect—short, bandy-legged, with thin sandy hair and baby-blue eyes; he had not a single brilliant trait. But as Mr. Vestal takes pains to point out, he was a master and an artist in his materials. He knew the Wild West as probably no one else in his generation; he carried in his head an infallible map of every region he had seen; he was as expert an Indian fighter as ever lived—expert with a few men, and expert, as the Adobe Walls fight showed, with a command as large as Custer's. He could build a fort; could make saddles, canoes, and snowshoes; could dress skins, run bullets, and butcher big game. He could pack, cook, trail, break broncos and fight. The only thing he could not do, till a squaw showed him how, was to pitch a tepee. He seldom made an error of judgment. When it came to dealing with storm, drought, beasts, savages, trackless wilderness, treachery, loss of transport, or starvation, his sagacity—the product of a Scotch inheritance and of experience since infancy in looking after himself—was almost unerring. But this was not all. He was a man; he had character. Everyone who knew him, from inarticulate Indians to Frémont and Sherman, bore testimony to his unbending rectitude, his absolute truth, to a moral as well as physical steadfastness that made him like a fortress. He had strong medicine.

Mr. Vestal's book states all this; its rapid narrative, which, until the rather faltering end, has not a dull page, illustrates all of it. Yet some of his literary effects do not present Kit with just the felicity that is required. The author never hesitates to invent speeches when he thinks they are poetically truthful, and one result is to make the

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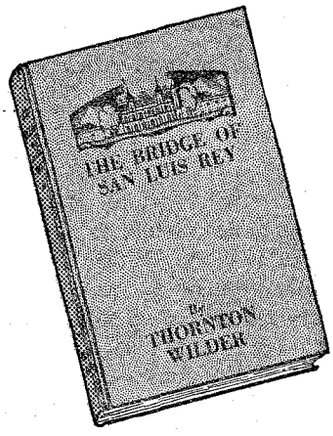

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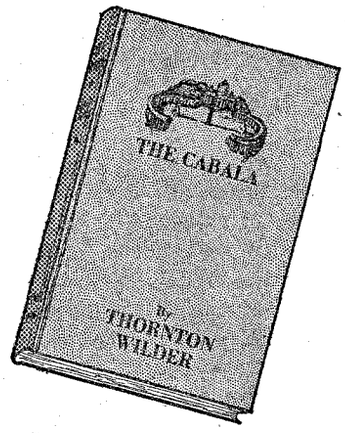

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taciturn and modest Kit seem a bit loquacious. Mr. Vestal sometimes invents emotions as well, and they also are sometimes unhappy in effect. We doubt if Kit Carson "guffawed" at Sir William Stuart's luxurious outfit; we doubt if he "felt queer as a gut-shot coyote" when that sturdy Briton turned out a first-rate horseman and Indian-killer after all. On some historical points also the author is vulnerable. No one can think highly of General S. W. Kearny's conduct in his California quarrel with Stockton, Frémont and Carson, yet he was not so contemptible a figure as Mr. Vestal paints him. But on the whole the volume is a valuable addition to the studies of Western heroes, and his sketch of some phases of frontier work—for trapping and hunting were hard work—is as good as any yet written.

ALLAN NEVINS.

The Conqueror of Chile

Pedro de Valdivia, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: Harper and Brothers. 227 pages. $3.

THE story of Pedro de Valdivia, the conqueror of Chile, has been well told by Mr. Cunninghame Graham. There is something about the old Spanish *conquistadores* and their romantic adventures curiously in keeping with the gallant writing of this most gallant of all living men of letters. For Mr. Cunninghame Graham is completely at home on the plains and hills of South America. He has behind him a long line of fighting ancestors, and for this reason likes nothing better than to tell over again tales of the heroic past. But what separates him from ordinary writers of adventure is the fact that, in spite of his personal courage, a certain spiritual magnanimity, rarely to be found in men of action, constitutes the very essence of his aristocratic being. It is this that gives to all his writings their peculiar charm and distinction. Through his adventurous life he has been ever ready to put his lion's heart at the service of the oppressed and their lost causes.

In page after page of this narrative we feel that his sympathy is strongly moved toward these valiant Indians who, "purging themselves before battle to be more nimble," fought so long and so desperately against the armed invaders of their country. The hunter and the hunted alike stir his imagination. With delight he tells of the warlike feats of these bold Spaniards and with no less delight of the high courage of their savage foes. His mouth is full of scraps of old sayings. He tells of towns in Spain which "smell of the Saints" and he knows that "fishers find their gains in troubled rivers." Here is no bookish author, but one rather whose words are redolent of the wisdom of the saddle. In one sentence he will be informing the reader that "nothing fatigues a horse more than being ridden without stirrups," and in another he will describe a retreating cavalcade as being "strung out in a string, like wild geese migrating." It was said of William the Conqueror that he loved a stag of the New Forest as though it were his father; the same might be reported of Cunninghame Graham in reference to his love of horses. This would seem to be in the very marrow of his bones. The mere mention of one of these quadrupeds rouses him. He will dwell upon the rumors of a horse that has been dead for three hundred years. He will be at pains to note its color, its points. "He was of a dark brown color, and in one stride covered more ground than any horse in two or three."

Pedro de Valdivia conquered Chile, but he met his death at the hands of the vanquished. Doubtless he was one of that brave company of *conquistadores* who after their lives of violence "rode into the gates of hell, their stirrups touching." On one occasion he had no less than two hundred prisoners mutilated: "I had their hands and noses cut off for their rebellion." The Araucanians, that brave native tribe who wore "undressed sealskins of many colors and great plumes or headpieces of those skins like priest's hats," never forgot this demonstration of European frightfulness. Mr. Cunninghame Graham, however, finds it in his heart to give him relative absolution. "No doubt," he writes, "Valdivia looked on the Indians as rebels, just as all Europeans so stigmatize those whose lands they have filched from them, when they rise to recover their own territories."

LLEWELYN POWYS.

Lenin and Gandhi

Lenin and Gandhi, by René Fülöp-Miller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 343 pages. $5.

HERR Fülöp-Miller's work in these twin biographical studies is, like his work in "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism," so good as to be almost indispensable to anybody interested in this century which is ours. It has his characteristic qualities of industry, sympathy, and comprehension, as well as his characteristic defect of philosophic individualism. We read him and we do not agree with him, but we could not very well do without him. He is probably the only bourgeois intellectual of western Europe who has adequately attacked the problems presented by Leninism and has sympathetically understood them without adopting the Leninist conclusion. In this he has enriched the contemporary consciousness more materially than have other writers of superior gifts (Mr. Keynes and Mr. Angell, for instance).

The first portion of this work is an amplification of the studies of Lenin which appeared in "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism." With the thoroughness which distinguishes him, Herr Fülöp-Miller gives us a complete narrative-analysis of the career, personalia, and ideas of Vladimir Ilyich. He has conquered all that it is possible for a philosophical individualist to conquer of the meaning of Lenin. He has lavished a sincere emotional sympathy on the object of his study; he admires Lenin as a "great man" who has overshadowed the century.

But where the Fülöp-Miller thesis seems inadequate is in its obstinate insistence upon the notion that Lenin "created" the Bolshevik Revolution and Soviet Russia. Does the ship "create" the wind which fills its sails? Herr Fülöp-Miller is extravagant in his admiration of Lenin as a "great man," but is prevented by his own philosophy from admitting that Lenin was much more than that. That the Bolshevik Revolution was an upheaval historically conditioned, the product of inevitable historical force, and that Lenin was the ideal revolutionary instrument applied at the appropriate time for the execution of the designs of history, Herr Fülöp-Miller cannot concede. He tries to prove, on the contrary, that Lenin as a "personality" (whatever that may be) made the Bolshevik Revolution and the Soviet system out of whole cloth; that without Lenin the thing might well never have happened. In this he appears in the end to miss the true greatness of Lenin completely; for surely the true greatness of Ilyich

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consists in his historical *instrumentality*, his perfect adjustment to the forces by which mankind is moved. Lenin as cause may interest us indeed, but scarcely more than Byron or Napoleon; Lenin as instrument must command our attention as almost without parallel in human history.

The same bourgeois individualism which keeps Herr Fülöp-Miller from an ultimate acknowledgment of the quality of Lenin forces him to overestimate the permanent importance of the Mahatma Gandhi. Beauty and sweetness, an almost mysterious power of beauty and sweetness, the Mahatma has; and his practical ideas were of the greatest usefulness in their day. But that he threw away his revolutionary opportunity in 1919-1922 through an excess of beauty and sweetness, and that the future progress of Indian nationalism must be (and already is being) directed on other lines, Herr Fülöp-Miller does not indicate. In spite of his highly trained understanding, Herr Fülöp-Miller has chosen not to see that Lenin's way (rightly or wrongly) was the way of life and Gandhi's the way of death. Lenin at least aimed at life; Gandhi's ultimate is death. The suicide of the entire Indian nation is not the most satisfactory solution of its problems, however noble and beautiful the leader who advises it.

It is diverting to observe, on page 194, that one of Herr Fülöp-Miller's authorities on the Christlikeness of Gandhi is "J. H. Holmes, the leader of an American sect."

VINCENT SHEEAN.

The Two Americas

The Americans in Santo Domingo, Studies in American Imperialism, by Melvin M. Knight. New York: Vanguard Press. 189 pages. $1.

South America Looks at the United States, by Clarence H. Haring. New York: The Macmillan Company. 243 pages. $2.50.

BOTH of these books are indications of the effort to give a scientific basis to present-day politics; and both concern themselves with certain aspects of America's relations to her brothers to the south. Mr. Knight has done much more digging than Professor Haring—the most earnest digging that has been done into our Caribbean policy. But his book is probably inferior to Professor Haring's, presumably because one of those annoying editorial committees obliged him to compress two volumes of research into 176 pages of text. The result has been in spots to blur the narrative. The one outstanding conclusion from Mr. Knight's book is that the United States occupied Santo Domingo by force in 1915, and that American Marines committed a number of atrocities during the occupation. But what the student would like to find in a book of this nature, and what is missing, is an analysis of the motives of the United States in taking possession of Santo Domingo; whether or not any of the reasons advanced were justified; and whether the occupation brought about any improvement to the people of the country or to the government. Nevertheless, Mr. Knight's book is the best account to date of the American occupation of this territory.

Many of the abuses of American capital in Santo Domingo which Mr. Knight decries are common to industrialism and high finance wherever they are found. Anyone setting himself up as a student of "imperialism" must at least attempt to isolate those factors in the development of backward countries which are unique. The result of such an effort may well be to show that there is no such thing as "imperialism" as such, but that the problem of American capital in Santo Domingo and other tropical territories is merely another aspect of the modern industrial problem.

Professor Haring has written a book which does not deal with statistics or with institutions, but with that intangible thing called "opinion." He analyzes the factors making for misunderstanding between North and South America in a manner which, to the layman, is most interesting. This misunderstanding is caused by barriers of race, economic penetration, Protestant missionaries, the movies and uncouth American salesmen; he believes, moreover, that much of the anti-American feeling in Latin America is fostered by foreigners. The author is convinced that "today we control the political destinies of Mexico, Central America and other near-by Latin nations as effectively as if we exercised a formal protectorate over the area." Presumably, he has in mind the brute power of American capital, which, even when following every rule of business ethics, is strong enough to buy out local interests and establish complete foreign control.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that discussing Spain's recent efforts to strengthen her position in Latin America. He states that Japan is cultivating the friendship of Chile, Peru, and Mexico, while Mexico herself is a source of much anti-American propaganda. Despite recent troubles, Mr. Haring believes that "confidence in the United States during the past decade has probably increased rather than diminished."

While the nature of this study does not lend itself to the documentation upon which the "academes" usually dote, it is somewhat surprising to see a Harvard professor rely upon secondary books for the texts of Latin-American treaties, refer to the "World Court at Geneva," indiscriminately lump Haiti, Cuba, Panama and Santo Domingo in the same category of protectorates and lose the tails off two sentences on page 206! But these slips do not seriously mar an excellent job of reporting, which shows that one may be professor and journalist as well.

R. L. BUELL.

American Equality

The American Philosophy of Equality, by T. V. Smith. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 334 pages. $3.

BEGINNING with the just observation that the critical analysis of the concept of equality in America has lagged far behind the emphasis given to that concept in our political, social, and religious assumptions, Professor Smith seeks to fill the gap by a study of the various theories on which the assumption of human equality has been based, from the natural-rights theory of the eighteenth century down. The official doctrine of equality as expressed in 1776 in the Virginia constitution ("All men are by nature equally free and independent") and the Declaration of Independence ("All men are created equal") was adopted by the fathers of the American Revolution as a last resort, after the appeal to their privileges under the Stuart charters and the British constitution proved inadequate to justify their claims of "self-determination." They turned from the inherited rights of Englishmen to the inherent rights of man. In the contract-theory of government, as advocated by Hobbes and Locke, they found the comforting doctrine of the pre-social man, transcendentally endowed with a core of personality immune from social vicissitude, and

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voluntarily uniting in government for the purely prudential purpose of protecting property and life.

The philosophical doctrine of the natural equality of man found even more congenial soil in America than in England, because pioneer conditions of life in the new world tended to reduce men to an equality of function, and the substantial economic equality of the early immigrants to America illustrated the remark of De Tocqueville that "the happy and the powerful do not go into exile." However, even in America the doctrine of equality based on natural rights was speedily undermined. The "critical period" following the Revolutionary War showed how embarrassing such a doctrine might become if carried to its logical conclusion; and the political philosophy underlying the Constitution was already far different from that expressed in the Declaration of Independence. With the Revolution won, it was no longer necessary to emphasize the natural equality of men as a justification for revolt against unjust political and economic discrimination. Indeed, such emphasis would only serve to hinder the work of devising a government strong enough to protect property rights and preserve the national credit.

The nineteenth century saw the attacks on the doctrine of natural equality multiply. Calhoun, in his pro-slavery apology, repudiated the phrase of the Declaration of Independence as "utterly unfounded and false." Equality of condition, he maintained, would be fatal to liberty, because it would be the negation of progress. The evolutionary hypothesis and the social sciences came to emphasize the doctrine that individuality is something socially acquired, not originally given. If human equality exists in truth, it must justify its claim by its social fruits and not by its alleged theological or metaphysical roots. This test, obviously, the doctrine cannot stand. Nevertheless, says Professor Smith, we cling to the doctrine of equality as an indispensable condition of democracy. It is too valuable as an emotional concept to sacrifice, even if the successive philosophies sought for its bases prove vulnerable.

In his chapter on "Equalitarianism in Quest of a Philosophy," Professor Smith turns from doctrines of *a priori* philosophies of equality as a *fact* (in the nature of God, man, or society) to search for the justification of the doctrine of equality as a goal of social justice. Not *how* men are equal by nature, but *why* men should be treated as if they were equal is the important question. After analyzing the influence of Christian theology, Kantian ethics, and the Utilitarian philosophy upon the establishment and maintenance of this persistent American concept, Professor Smith, in a concluding chapter of clear and cogent argument, sets forth his own justification of the doctrine of equality—in which he is a staunch believer. It is a functional interpretation, in which the individual is regarded not as a "static entity imported from a transcendental pre-existence," but as a factor in a coöperative society. "If equality of treatment produces consequences of maximum desirability, then the treatment is justified, regardless of whether men are equal in the old sense or not." Such treatment, Professor Smith contends, has produced such consequences, and furnishes the only promise today for the humanizing of those "unmeasured tracts of industry that are still unconquered for the principle of co-operation."

Professor Smith writes as a philosopher and an historian. His reasoning is sound, his information accurate, and his style clear and virile. The volume is a notable contribution to our political philosophy.

DAVID S. MUZZEY.

Stonewall Jackson Appears Among Us Moderns

Stonewall Jackson: The Good Soldier: A Narrative, by Allen Tate. New York: Minton Balch and Company. 322 pages. $3.50.

IT IS not unlikely that Mr. Tate is a forerunner of our future biographers. The voice is the voice of the new biographer, but the hands are those of the ancient and primitive eulogists. And why should it not be so? After a while men will give over the delight of muck-raking in graveyards where the heroes of the race are buried, and will return to erecting gravestones. Reverence is both more widespread, more creative, and on the whole better liked and better rewarded than irony. But the new biography makes it more possible, as the volume before us indicates, to expect artistic gravestones, carven with a slight restraint.

There are three—yes, four—things for which this biography is notable. In the first place we would mention the lapidary style. Scarcely a sentence is over a line long. The style marches with the hero. Like him it is terse; if affected, affected only in brusqueness, smacking of a deal sitting-room and of the street. It is a cross between Ludwig and Trader Horn.

Fortunately, the second thing that stands out is the hero. The reviewer believes that it is through love of him that the book is written. And I defy anyone of uncynical mind to read this book and not to have another hero in his heart. Between his greatest battles, Stonewall Jackson meditated on the question whether he would not have done better to go into the ministry, to him the greatest of callings. But the book negatives that idea. Jackson was too simple, even for that calling—too naïve, too literal, too brusque, too taciturn, too fond of unsuspected action, too much given to command and obedience and too little to counsel, too satisfied with an unfurnished mind. But he belongs in the small group of the completely unselfish. His moderate youthful ambition was not merely sublimated, but conquered by his patriotism and religion. Garibaldi was as daring and as devoted as he, but Jackson was devoid of any passionate thirst for glory. Very few generals have made as few mistakes, but it was Providence who was responsible for his success. His solitude cleared his battle-plans of all selfish reference. It was simply another name for prayer. To set forth a character like this today with apology only at the outset, and only enough to insure that his book shall be read, is not symptomatic of the new biography.

The third thing to be noted is that the battles that Stonewall Jackson fought are actually described—even mapped. Not even Ludwig dared to do this with a Napoleon. The author is almost as courageous as his hero. The descriptions come on chapter after chapter. And the reader —sometimes as laggard as the soldiers—follows on in order to see what Jackson will do when the bugle sounds.

The last noteworthy feature of the book is the intensity of its Confederate patriotism and the zest with which it eats into the copper. Lincoln and Davis both are in deathly fear of the fate of their capitals. John Brown is a plotter of a violent insurrection of slaves. Burnside a blusterer, Banks a Massachusetts politician. The picture of Lee is most moving and the most original. He stands as a God the Father over the Christ of Stonewall Jackson. Disengaged from their context and therefore lacking in depth and proportion, some quite unforgettable sentences must

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be given: "Jackson alone, as a soldier, was Lee and Longstreet combined. Longstreet alone was Longstreet; Lee alone, as a soldier and man, was almost God. And that is why Lee should have left the whole army to Jackson. For Lee, the soldier, was always more than that. God-like omniscience puts limits upon its own powers." Twenty pages later: "Lee defeated his enemies by violating the laws of strategy. But could he afford to butcher them. That would be violating something else. . . . His character, unlike his great subordinate's, was not in any respect overdeveloped. . . . His greatness as a man kept him from being a completely successful soldier. He could not bring himself to seize every means to the proposed end. Jackson, who saw one object only, could use them all." That may not be an accurate explanation for the failure at Fredericksburg, but it is a possible one as a tribute to the saintliness of Lee and an alluring witness to the character of our author.

A. W. Vernon.

Catullus and Horace

Catullus and Horace: Two Poets in their Environment, by Tenney Frank. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 291 pages. $3.

TWO poets. One of them is a wealthy aristocrat from a small town up north among the Celts and other barbarians. In his early twenties he comes to a city seething with a turmoil peculiar to the last years of a free republic, proclaiming law and order, practising extreme violence. In a set of fast clever young literary boys and girls he meets a worldly woman ten years his senior, falls wretchedly in love with her, has an affair, is forgotten and never forgets. His brother dies, he goes East in the train of a provincial governor, returns a year later in his own pinnace, hates the dictator and all his works, and dies at thirty. He has scarcely tried to write in real earnest; older and established literary men have urged him to attempt work more sustained, and so he has done two or three ambitious things not at all characteristic of his native manner. He was grateful for their encouragement, but as far as he could tell, he was, after all, the worst poet possible.

At the time of his death, the other poet is an eleven-year-old youngster on a farm in Venusia, far southward, where the tradition of Magna Græcia still abides. His father, a freedman, has been doing very well; to the income of the farm he has added substantial profit from a banking business. Perhaps a little of a snob, a little conscious of social inferiority, he is a good fellow, and a devoted father. He takes his son to the city, attends lectures with him, sees him off for Athens at twenty-one. Here student turns soldier, faces the responsibilities of a high commission, fights on the losing side at Philippi, loses his estate, returns to Rome, starts over again with a secretarial job in the government to keep the wolf from the door. He likes to write; he makes good; he is fortunate in his friends. Within five years he has been given a new estate by an appreciative patron, has had a book published, is busy on another. At thirty-five, he writes his first lyric poems. Grateful for friends and favors, he is not to be bought. He does his own thinking, thank you, with a sturdy independence that sometimes seems a trifle bristling. He admires Cæsar as hero, if not as god, and believes in his program, but he politely declines a political job as his private secretary. He has come to reasoned and

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logical conclusions about the State and the artist; he is experienced, honest, intelligent, disciplined. The last twenty years of his life are peaceful and fruitful ones. He has completed a monument more enduring than bronze.

Thus, after a first start of surprise, one recognizes that Catullus and Horace, conditioned by environments so different, belong together in a book. Here both poets are illumined, each in the light of the other, and both illumine their time. Professor Frank has presented his excellent idea in a forthright and orderly manner, interweaving literary and personal history, pressing no conclusions. If he is impatient over the dullness of the scholiasts, and angry at their lack of intuition, left-wing moderns would depreciate heresies such as these and find him going very safely in the midst of the conservatives. Both his political and moral views, at least, are orthodox. He refers to Catiline, for example, as a "parlor socialist," a position which the author of "An Economic History of Rome" would scarcely support; and in any case the adjective does not seem to qualify the fury who fell at Pistoria. Of Catullus' defense of the Juventius poems, he writes: "Whatever we may think of the society which invites the formulation of such an apology, the statement must be taken at face value. Nevertheless, it would seem from the tone of these later epigrams that Catullus' associations with Memmius' cohort and the Greeks of Bithynia in 57-6 brought a strain into his epigrams which lowered their poetic worth." Poetic worth, perhaps, is not exactly what he means. Some poems of Catullus may, indeed, as Professor Frank suggests, better be left to the psychopathologist, but concerning the whole problem posed by the Juventius and similar poems, he seems rather too discreetly evasive. He might, with some logic, have dismissed the subject as unimportant and trivial; but the detour magnifies the importance of the obstacle. One regrets, too, Professor Frank's seeming lack of familiarity with modern poetry, whose Alexandrian qualities are a fair challenge to the student of poets and economics. A T. S. Eliot or a Marianne Moore for a Cinna! a Millay for a Catullus! Then one might be less sure in saying: "No one else during these many centuries has so simply betrayed his primary impulses. We have grown too sophisticated for such poetry." What about,

> I, being born a woman and distressed
> By needs and notions native to my kind
> Am urged by your propinquity to find
> Your person fair, and find a certain zest
> To feel your body's weight upon my breast
> So subtly is the fume of life designed
> To clarify the pulse and cloud the mind
> And leave me once again undone, possessed—

or,

> And chase your colored phantom on the air
> And sob and weep and curse and fall and rise
> And stumble pitifully on to where
> Miserable and lost, with stinging eyes,
> Once more I clasp and there is nothing there.

Still, Catullus is for us not only "loveliest of lyric poets nineteen hundred years ago," but also first and best lyric poet of all time. Our appreciation is more wise than learned; in our day we credit him with a lyric perfection which both his contemporaries and himself would have denied. Professor Frank reminds us: "Lyrical poetry had suffered badly in the scholarly age of Alexandria. . . . The shorter poems that had been written in the lit-

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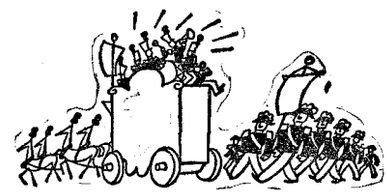

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erary world . . . were largely what we should call occasional verse. . . . Catullus . . . had written such verse from boyhood, and since he did not then consider himself in any sense a lyric poet—it was apparently years before he thought his verse of abiding value—he wrote in the accustomed rhythms whenever the impulse came. Had he not considered it merely necessary utterance for his own sake, had he not recklessly or lazily continued to assume that he was the *pessimus poeta* that Clodia called him and that he called himself in writing to Cicero, he would not have thrown his most intense cry of pain into a measure that might to some readers suggest ribaldry, nor written his most lyrical song of love in a rhythm associated with the mood of trifling." For all that, *pessimus poeta* or otherwise, one cannot imagine Catullus in his secret heart not knowing that *"Vivamus, mea Lesbia"* and *"Passer mortuus est"* were right and good and poems everlasting. But this is worth remembering, in general, because it photographs an impulse native to the lyric voice in an Alexandrian environment; and in particular, because it explains much in the mood of Horace, who was a great respecter of the classical tradition.

"The only real antidote to a biography of Horace," writes Professor Frank, "is Horace himself"—and yet biographical interpretation is necessary, for we do not see Horace plain. Our vision is too blurred by memories of freshman year, or of mellow old boys of the class of '86 singing "Integer Vitæ" at their fortieth reunion. Furthermore, he has been so debased in translation and paraphrase by journalists that *"Odi profanum vulgus et arceo"* seems most heart-rending irony; he has not been able to keep the rabble at a distance.

Like Catullus, and with far greater reason, Horace began by thinking himself no poet. He was prosy. But he had more sense than Catullus; more critical intelligence; he was older; he had early acquired a sense of responsibility. He knew that "if a poet is born with a love of the game, he can be made," and he set himself about making Horace a poet. He read, and studied, and thought, and saw through his early models. And as success led him to semi-official honors, and something of a spokesman's function, he became more than ever convinced of the rightness of the classical tradition; for what, in essence, is the difference between classical and romantic methods of expression except this—a sense of civic responsibility? Professor Frank observes that his deep interest in social and moral questions is a trend not wholly to be expected in Horace, but one should not overlook the Stoic student, the young officer in whose later life the drill-grounds before Philippi keep reappearing. "In truth it is profitable to cast aside toys and to learn wisdom: to leave to lads the sport that fits their age, and not to search out words that will fit the music of the Latin lyre, but to master the rhythms and measures of a genuine life." Horace at thirty-five, too old to feel as Catullus had, too intellectually honest not to admit that a poet must feel what he writes; exasperated at carelessness in the study of verse technique, expounding and illustrating Greek models with something of a propagandist's zeal—what dare one expect of the Odes? To say that they surpass expectation is putting it more than mildly; they are his most familiar and most loved work: but they are no complete measure of his fullness. They convey, perhaps, a false general impression of sentimental amiability, a complaisance not permanent with Horace. In truth, one detects in him a considerable capacity for irritability: one feels that what he achieved in irony, patience, wisdom and

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humor was acquired more by the light of reasoned principle than by inner illumination. For neurotic youths he had precious little fondness; jostlings from Catullus and Propertius were more than he could endure; and it may have been from more than reasoned conviction that he escaped from them into a golden mean of Attic serenity where they neither could nor would follow.

Professor Frank's book is well annotated for the careful student, with reference and suggestion, and certainly too easy and free of pedantry not to hold the general reader. There is a disarming lack of stuffiness. In revision, one supposes the minor slip which alludes to Mæcenas as a "benedict" will be corrected; and the index can stand a thorough going-over—it is really distressingly slipshod. But the net gain is tremendous: two poets, in their environment, have been recreated.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

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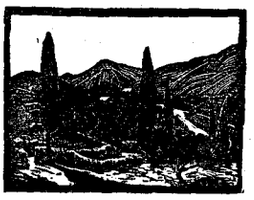

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